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THE SINFUL BACHELOR

NADAGE DORÉE

Fiction, American

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FIGURE 1

FIGURE 2

The Sinful Bachelor

And his Sinful Doings

A NOVEL

BY

NADAGE DORÉE

AUTHOR OF

"GELTA;"

or, "THE CZAR and the SONGSTRESS;"

"JESUS' CHRISTIANITY by a JEWESS;"

"IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?" etc.

The News Company

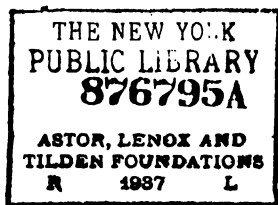
NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO

1908

M. S. M.



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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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Dedicated
To all that is noblest in
Humanity.

Seeking to bring concealed evil into regenerating light, and improve social conditions, we must banish the sinful bachelor, the breeder of the "White Slave" traffic; and strike at the root of crime—a crime committed against every good woman, and against the virtue which makes them good.

It is the sacred duty of a good citizen not only to look after his own children, but to make the land better for other children; so that the sons of women will learn to respect and honor the daughters of women; and American manhood may be lifted to a nobler, higher sense of duty and obligation to lead a cleaner, saner life, and be a living, inspiring example to the nations of the earth, is the fervent prayer of

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

"I have set before you life and death,
blessing and curses; therefore
Choose life."

In the book of Exodus, Moses is rebuked by those he saved.

"Is not this the word that we did tell thee in Egypt, saying, Let Us Alone that we may serve the Egyptians? For it had been better for us to serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness."

They did tell him in Egypt, "Let Us Alone." But Moses was too great a man, too far seeing to pay any attention to that "Let Us Alone." He stirred them up and led them out, and now they are glad of it.

The unclean bachelor spirits are howling to-day "Let Us Alone" to pursue the way of iniquity—that we may breed "White Slaves" and infanticides!

We all know very well how easy it is for the Godless to sneer to any suggestion of wrong committed against our brethren.

The crime that is to-day ebbing away the nation's vitality is the cancer in the midst of most families—the vampire

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bachelor sowing his wild oats; reaping a harvest of "White Slaves," and bastardize their offspring!

It tells the rapid pace at which Americans, at the expense of decency and honesty, are succumbing to foreign evils and decadence.

All those who have putrefication of the mind—and petrification of the heart—the enemies of decency and right, will sanction the lewd conduct of the bachelor.

The "White Slave" traffic, and the numerous sinful bachelors in our midst, can no longer be ignored; no self-respecting person with a modicum of feelings for the interests of humanity can afford to remain indifferent to such vile social conditions. The sons of good women deliberately lead astray, betray, and abandon the innocent daughters of good women.

The tragedy of life is not death. It is life itself.

"The sin that ye do by two and two ye must pay for one and one."

Parents as a rule know little or nothing about the thoughts, the temptations, the pleasures or the associates of their daughters and sons.

Parents should awaken to the fact that they have not the slightest knowledge of

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their children's companions and associates; nor do they trouble themselves to find out whether the influence of these companions leads to the safety of the sex.

Is it worth while suffering to bring a child into the world, slaving and planning for the child, and allowing it to be destroyed—its soul damned by the false standards of men?

The bachelor is filled with moral evil—and sows his crops of wild oats (natural evil) broadcast.

The bachelor is the monster of life's waste—the social wolf bold only to pursue the obscene; the bachelor is a disgrace and should not be tolerated. The bachelor over twenty-five years of age debauches and traffics in human souls! To banish the sinful bachelor we need a courage that is heroic; a watchfulness, a devotion that is the very purest; a civic virtue that is loftiest and most practical, and a devotion to individual interest and public welfare without a parallel in the history of movements for moral reform.

All agree that the bachelor's mode of living constitutes an existing wrong; the Old Bachelor is a Curse to the nation.

To rear men of noble character, we must clear away the filth of lust.

Apart from the principle which should

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bind all men to the truth, every true mother, every clean-minded, clean-hearted man and woman should exert himself or herself to the extent of his ability to have the youth, despite the money question, contract an early and honorable marriage. Give the man what God intended his inheritance—a wife and a decent home.

That the evil bachelor continues to flourish is due to the indifference of the community.

It is the present duty of the Nation to shield its youth, and save it, or "perish there, too."

The taxpayers spend tens of millions of dollars annually to fight crime—to maintain and support pauper institutions, foundling asylums, rescue homes, penal and insane institutions.

Let the taxpayers spend a few millions of dollars to "build homes" for the youth; which will prevent crime.

Let us prevent social evil—depravity and despair.

Let us do away with the taint of offensive charity, financiered by the community.

The solution of social problems does not lie in the alleviation of existing conditions; the cause and not the result must be corrected.

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Charity applied to social conditions succeeds only in apparently slightly easing the conditions and fails utterly in that it does not cure.

The causes are many, but the result is one: the wreck of the home.

If every man had his birthright—owned a home—we would have no need of pauper institutions, orphan asylums, no almshouses, no mock charity homes for the aged forsaken, which in reality are prisons wherein the aged inmates are systematically starved and treated with less consideration by the brutal grafting overseers than are prison convicts. The aged would all be in their own home.

Let us solve the problem for others; these things can be met and will be met at far less cost to the community than the present system of grafting institutions, with their money-getting misrepresentations; hiding under the cloak of charity. Let us be practical in our "brotherly love" and build model dwellings, to be sold at one per cent. profit (said profit to revert to the "Citizens' Fund," the low rent to go in payment to secure the permanent home).

We do not need grafting charity organizations, with their high salaried, supercilious retainers, to dole out to the humiliated

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applicant a pitiable mite of the taxpayers' millions.

Let us do away with the high-salaried, "corporate, impecuniosity" of the mock charity organizations, who are constantly besieging the public to contribute toward the maintenance of their mismanaged institutions.

Millions are bequeathed annually, entire estates are willed and left for the founding of charitable institutions, usually presided over by some one-man power; so-called Homes for the aged where in nine-tenths of cases the aged inmates are starved and ill treated by the brutal help and nurses, ruled by the snobbish money-grafting supercilious superintendent and his relatives, representing entrenched power, lording it over the entire establishment. If an inmate dares complain of the brutal treatment, why he is at once singled out as a disturbing element to their prison rules, and is threatened and subjected to petty insults, and systematically persecuted by the aforesaid superintendent and under hirelings, and backed up and "Whitewashed" by the president and board committee of the said "Home," which is usually composed of a round table committee consisting of one old man as president, and about

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half a dozen of the board of directors—self-appointed men, who are ambitious to fortify their social or political position—and whose private characters are not of the cleanest, who pose as philanthropists while handling for disbursement the appropriation money and donation funds for said Homes—without rendering any real authenticated account to the citizens of the community.

The “Homes,” while supported from public funds, are not amenable to the city and are conducted as close corporations.

As long as there is a need of Homes for the poor and aged, there should be a Law enforced that the President of so-called charity “Homes” should be elected by popular vote and governed by the collective citizens of the community, for a specified term of four years, with a possible second term as an honorable and grateful recognition for useful good service rendered to his fellow citizens.

The millions of dollars of the taxpayers’ money that now support more policemen, the penal institutions and the almshouse to foster the criminal should go into the “Citizens’ Fund” to build good Homes for the rising generations. Let us build a better future.

Millions are bequeathed annually

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“Who shall ascend the Hill of the Lord, and who shall stand in His holy place?”

“He who hath clean hands and a pure heart.”

The object of a home is to the end that man may know the conditions of happiness.

The home is the kindergarten and the throne of the nation.

Let us be practical and build model dwellings, real pleasant, good homes, for the working people, to be sold at one per cent. profit—(said profit to revert to the Citizen's Fund), the low rent to go in payment to secure the permanent home.

There should be a Citizens' Fund for individual homes, for the development of good children, the future good men and women.

The government must give the youth that which he most needs—unselfish devotion and interest. The child interprets our social and civic life; the hope of a better citizenship and purer government is in the children of today.

Every married man between eighteen and twenty-five years of age should have a legal right to acquire and own a good home, by **ACTIVE PARTICIPATION OF THE WHOLE PEOPLE BY RIGHTEOUS PUBLIC TAXATION.**

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Individual homes and public schools are necessary for good government.

Save the children today and you save the nation tomorrow.

The unwed are a curse to every country. Especially is this true in reference to men's bachelordom, which is a positive peril.

Much of our educational system is based on a false idea—that "man must sow his wild oats;" there is no sex in mind. The difference exists in body only.

Let the Nation see to it to have the national decency to protect and shield its youth in the beginning from lust, vice and crime. These things can be met and will be met; individual homes will be built from the "Citizens' Funds" by the common-sense and sober and final judgment of the American people.

A pernicious defect in our government is that the poor man is taxed almost out of existence in the present.

The man of millions escapes taxation.

In a great city the franchises, worth hundreds of millions, stolen from the people, go free of taxation, whereas every little home which pays tribute to such thievish corporation—street car trust, or gas trust, or food trust, or any other—must pay the taxes.

The man of millions, possessor of vast

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real estate, escapes taxation, and the man paying for a home that cost a thousand dollars is taxed to the last dollar. He is taxed on his property by the State and the city. He is taxed on his mortgage by the bank that gets money from the Government for nothing to lend to him at a high rate of interest. He is taxed by every pirate trust that has its products represented on the table where he feeds his children.

The rich man, hoarding millions of the stolen money from the people escapes taxation; the whole tax load of the nation is put upon the backs of the fathers and mothers who do the great work for the nation. And it is put upon them outrageously, for the poorer they are the more they pay in proportion. But the people can remedy the tax abuses by voting for honest government for the people, by the people; so that "the will of a few dishonest men may not hinder" the good of the whole country.

No country is truly great that is ruled by greed, graft and corruption; where mothers and daughters sell their souls in the market of sin, and small children are forced to enter the mills of mammon and slave their young lives away until their weak bodies yield diviends for the corrup-

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tionists of the land; and babes perish miserably on the withered breasts of want until "their cries ring out to Heaven."

Let right constitute might. No man liveth unto himself, and because no man can escape the claims of his fellow-men upon him. We are our brother's keeper. Society is what the men and women who are in it make of it. We are to be helpful and not hurtful to others.

All competent forces should be welcomed in the great crusade against the sinful bachelor.

Our responsibility to God and man is in proportion to our opportunity for doing good and bettering the world about us.

The bachelor's miserable attempt to justify his vile conduct—his excuse for his crime against humanity is that he cannot afford to get married—because of the monopolistic greed acts of a few arrogant trust pirates who maintain illegal prerogative—"vested rights," "stolen franchises," who hoard the products of the land and control public utilities; he is thereby deprived of the necessary means to provide a home.

For that reason, and, actuated by the foulest impulses, he defiles himself and destroys chaste womanhood—forcing infanticides upon the world; perpetually

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furnishing criminals and constantly tending to promote immorality and to propagate his kind.

The bachelor's vice and crime is encouraged and popularized by being tolerated and legalized; licensing houses of ill repute—and thus the end and aim of "home" is destroyed.

The sooner the criminal authorities take action in such matters the better it will be for society.

And the imperative duty of every lover of morality and goodness—of the State and Nation in the midst of this criminal curse, is to banish the sinful bachelor from the hearths of men.

This problem of individual homes is in the truest sense a national problem.

The family is the unit of the government.

The labor of the workingman is the foundation of the country, and he does not get his dues in wages.

In promoting civilization, no better use of public moneys can be made than in training the youth; the government should realize that it has in its keeping the morals of the coming generations, and the sooner we realize it the better it will be for Americans and humanity.

It is the duty of each State to appropriate

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money to the "Citizens' Fund," not money given to charity, but to the upbuilding and uplifting of the manhood of the country.

Let us build a better future; so as to convert mere passive moral support to Positive, Active Enthusiasm. The Nation must Nationally help the struggling youth who have brains to use, ambitions to arouse; the world is full of men and women, young and old, struggling with all their heart and soul to attain a self-respecting independence.

There is nothing of more importance to the world than a wise, clean sentiment of love between the sexes.

Nature meant men and women to mate early in life; and if they don't do this she will certainly punish them.

Early marriages are expedient.

Youth should mate with youth, for the sake of happiness and future generations.

Our husbands and wives live too far apart; we must have a Better Home Life. Parents should combine—there should be a union of fathers and mothers for the protection of homes and children. There should be established a universal "Citizens' Fund" to help the strugglers and peremptory popular demand that the work of building individual homes be taken up frankly and avowedly as a Government

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measure, for the moral uplift of the nation, and thereby foster and encourage early honorable marriage in the youth, in the cause of purity and Godliness.

NADAGE DORÉE.

Life is but a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night;
Though one have time but for a line,
Be that sublime:
Not failure but low aim is crime.

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A PLEA

“Be ye doers of the Word and not hearers only.”

The Sinful Bachelor is the breeder of the social outcast; he spreads the dread disease consumption—he touches a vital spot in your family life; if you are interested in the salvation of your soul, help abolish the “White Slave” traffic, and arouse the conscience of the sinful man to his Spiritual Duty.

The Sinful Bachelor contains woman’s love, and trust, and man’s perfidy.

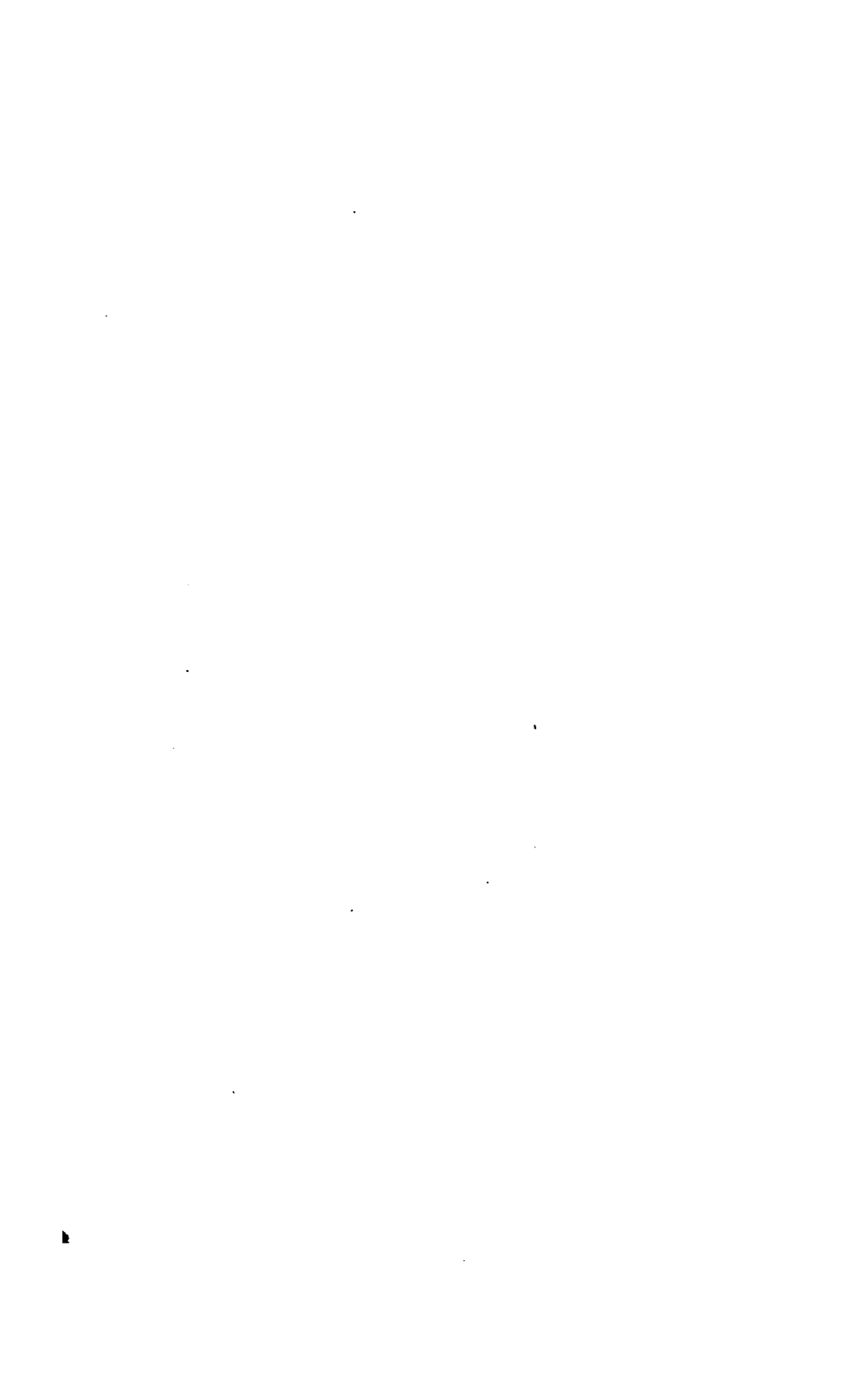
It becomes the duty of all good citizens, all high-minded, conscientious men, and women, and all the moral leaders of the community, the clubs and the societies, to help this grand book forward—and give it their aggressive support.

Please address all subscriptions and orders to

NADAGE DORÉE

TENTH NATIONAL BANK,

Broad and Columbia Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.



"Every one of us shall give an account of his deeds to God." ROM.

CHAPTER I.

They had just left the French ball; it was three A. M.

Flushed with wine and excitement, they decided before separating to stop for another glass of champagne at the bachelor apartments of Jack Lawson.

The party consisted of eight men and five women; three of the latter had not yet attained their sixteenth year.

During the ride in several motor cars conveying the revellers there was considerable kissing and hugging of the giggling young women done by the men. And now, at Lawson's invitation, they all had just entered his sumptuous apartments, artistically furnished in white and gold, hung with heavy crimson satin draperies. All the chairs, and sofas, and tête-à-têtes were upholstered in the same rich coloring. The floors were of pale cedar, and were waxed and polished until almost as smooth as glass, and covered with costly Turkish rugs.

The three girls looked about at the magnificent surroundings with speechless amazement—as they viewed the beautiful

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tapestries, the grand paintings, the handsome pieces of rare and costly statuary—it was a fairy palace.

Ah! what a contrast, they thought, to their monotonous squalid home—the four meagerly furnished, dark, damp, foul, stuffy rooms in a basement of a crowded tenement house; in the daytime assisting their parents with the duties of janitor's work, while being employed for a bare pittance in the evenings, to walk across the stage in some dramatic production.

The other two women of the party, still early in their twenties, had already lived a century of vice in the tenderloin district!

To-night, at the ball, arrayed in a few hired gaudy fineries, dressed up and disguised as Princesses, and Duchesses, they had met the curled darlings of the nation—the wholesalers of Domestic Woe—the cream of wealthy society men, on an equal footing! They had flirted and danced with many that night; and had eventually fallen in with a few prominent church pewholders—two gay, baldheaded multimillionaires, who were showing the young blood (who were too poor to marry) how to sow their wild oats!!

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

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After the first round of drinks in Lawson's rooms, they all sang:

"The world's mine oyster, which
I with sword will open."

There was general hilarity—one of the old lotharios, who was a board director for several charitable organizations, including a few orphan asylums, and a grandfather several times over—after coddling one of the girls, with lying flatteries, and sweet promises—coarsely displayed gold coins, as if fearful of his natural attractions; the language used would lift the hair of a person of respectability.

The Bacchanalian orgy continued—several others had divested the two tenderloin women of their wearing apparel and were encouraging them in a dance that would have put to the blush the denizens of the midway.

It was now six o'clock, when a messenger insisted upon seeing Mr. Lawson, as he had an important letter to deliver to him.

Lawson, flushed with pride and wine, came to the door and received the letter; he recognized his uncle's handwriting (with whom he had lunched the day pre-

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vious); he grew pale and trembled—he had a foreboding that all was not well; he called one of his friends and said:

“In heaven’s name send those boisterous creatures away; I feel ill.”

The visitors soon departed, and Jack Lawson found himself alone.

The world wants all your smiles;
It cares naught for your sorrows.

Nervously seating himself, with much misgiving and trembling hands he opened the letter, and began to read that which caused his eyes to bulge, while his face grew ashen as he perused its ominous contents.

Dear Nephew:—You will be much surprised to receive this note, but my interest in you will be my only excuse.

Life is what we make it—to some a blessing, to others a curse.

Religion, or its decadence, has a deep bearing upon our daily acts.

The fear of “God,” of judgment, of ultimate punishment will stay the hand of evil conduct.

Why should a man who has lived the pace that kills—sitting amid the wreck of all he had, and loved—money, and then lost it, seek to preserve his life?

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In this solemn moment, as I am about to make my "quietus"—I pause to look back at the past, upon my misspent life—of the many poor orphans, and widows defrauded, and ruined; and yet the remorse is not so deep—for greed of lust makes us callous in our dealing; where, in mammon's busy mart, fair play fades, and tramples in the city's dust.

But, Oh! the blanched, despairing faces which loom up accusingly before me—for the terrible wrong committed—for the untold suffering, the cruel injustice done to those whom I have lured, seduced, betrayed, tossed a few coins; and then, deserted, abandoned to the maelstrom of vice.

They linger before my gaze.

Oh, how their anguished souls cry out for retribution!

So, when a man has committed such an awful crime, why should he stay and injure others? Why should he live, filling his days, and nights, with pain, with agony?

"My heart is broken, I am a ruined man."

The grave is better than a sullied life; the dead do not sow evil.

I am a financial wreck and a moral leper!

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There never was a more complete failure than myself.

My dear nephew, as your guardian, I can leave you nothing, nothing, and yet, I fain would save you from the deep abyss into which I have hurled myself—a victim of the false standards of worldly men.

Return to your father's people, the Jews—they gave the Bible to the world; would that I had not shunned the study of that great good book, alas!

Cease, I beseech you, the ghastly companionship of those who seek the pleasures of the flesh—who pursue a career of profligacy—which is sure to end in disaster.

Marry some good woman, and live a clean, honest, Godly life.

When you receive this I shall have gone beyond!

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A Kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth is room
enough.

I long for the rest of mind. . . .

Do not bother about my funeral, and
forget your wretched old Uncle . . .
the poison is beginning to work.

Several hours had elapsed since the

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revellers had departed. Lawson sat alone, dazed, in mute despair, clutching his Uncle's letter, crushed at the unexpected blow.

The last part of its warning was writ like fire—and kept dancing before his eyes—like the awful “handwriting on the wall,” it was burnt into his mind—it scorched his soul!

“Cease, I beseech you, the ghastly companionship of those who seek the pleasures of the flesh—who pursue a career of ‘profligacy,’ which is sure to end in disaster.” It kept ringing in his ears—he looked about, and then the orgy of the past night stood out in all its hideousness—in all its degradation—a shudder passed over him, he felt a deep disgust and self-contempt, the worldly pleasures appeared insipid and the old life unreal.

The next day the morning dailies teemed with the details of the McIntyre taking off. The votaries of the Stock Mart discussed the unexpected death in the same manner as they would the fluctuations on the street; “it all had its beginning last summer; Mr. McIntyre, they said, got the wrong idea about things financial, and stuck to it that prosperity was on the jump. So he got on the wrong side of the stock market; sent good money

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after bad, floundered deeper and deeper, and suddenly found himself submerged financially in the maelstrom of speculative uncertainty—losing all he had and that which he should not have; but ruined his friends, and all who trusted him—and now soon was within the shadow of the prison's gloomy portals.

His intimates discussed McIntyre's suicide in the same manner as they would a quotation on the board—mechanical and unemotional; his stock had gone down, and his life no longer could "bull it."

Something suddenly snapped in his head, they said: he had paid the awful price while pursuing the pace that kills; leaving within his wake the wreckage of the fortunes of those by whom he was trusted.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as McIntyre's suicide became known, the firm of Johnson, Lawless, and Burke, his attorneys, took charge, and arranged to wind up the affairs of the late broker's estate.

It was found that only part of Lawson's fortune had been swept away in the sudden catastrophe; the bulk of his wealth, which consisted of several copper mines out West, were under the control of a stock company, of which he was part owner; so from a financial point of view, Lawson was still a rich man.

But the unexpected death of his only surviving relative left him in a dejected state; a deep depression came over him—he could not forget his Uncle's last letter with its awful warning!

Up and down the chamber floor he paced, pulling moodily at his cigar, while he brooded over the past.

What had his life been? he asked himself:

Stale and unprofitable; those early years of his manhood had been without a firm, guiding hand. And then he

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thought of his parents. His father had been an only child of wealthy, pious, philanthropic Jews.

When young Jacob Levy first came to this country, as the agent and representative of a well-known banking house, he found to his chagrin, that while frequenting the snobbish, elite, so-called Christian society, they made it quite clear, in a patronizing way, that while they were willing to possess the Bible which the Jews had given to the world, they did not care to acknowledge the Jew, as their social equal?

So in order to escape the bigotry, and petty tyranny, and hatred of these so-called Christians, in a moment of cowardice—young Jacob Levy changed his name to Jack Lawson; he proposed to the frivolous Miss Van-Specious, a selfish peacock, the reigning, popular society belle, who accepted him, and married the young Jew for his immense wealth; then, following the deteriorating example of his numerous wealthy associates, in the financial world, who had cast aside their Judaism, in order to cowardly shirk their duty toward their poor, persecuted brethren, the apostate Jew—Jack Lawson, Esq., set up a Godless household!

In due time a young son was born to

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them, but that did not change their mode of living. Of course, Mr. Lawson owned an expensive pew and Mr. and Mrs. Lawson always attended church, as a mere matter of form; and then pursued their irreligious pagan existence.

As a scion of one of the most prominent families, young Lawson grew up. He had the best of tutors, and in due time was sent to college, from which he graduated with high honors. He was sent for a two year's trip around the world, as a finishing course to his education, prior to entering the office of his father, who owned several copper mines.

Young Lawson had all the advantages that money could procure, but, he lacked religious home training and influence. He had been absent traveling abroad a little over a year, when his uncle cabled for him to return at once, as his parents had been suddenly injured!

Upon his arrival he found that both his parents had died in an automobile accident; Mrs. Lawson had been killed outright, while Mr. Lawson lingered for a week.

His guardian, and maternal Uncle, gave him his father's dying message—that he should return to his people and become a Jew.

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Young Lawson treated his father's dying request lightly—he did not feel he required any religion, since his past non-religious home life had been a bed of roses; and so after a few months mourning for his parents, he again pursued his life of pleasure. Weak and faithless he was, yet there were times when his better nature struggled to assert itself. It needed but some stronger influence to help it through.

Lawson was deeply attached to his Uncle, who, during the last five years, since his parents' death, had been the recipient of his almost paternal affection.

And now, he could not forget his tragic death—with its ominous warning! Then occurred a general break down of his health; he was pale and excessively nervous, his few intimate friends became alarmed. The physicians shook their heads. If he was to get well at all it would be a long siege, they said he was in need of absolute rest; a change of scene, and not a thought about business.

Accordingly, his friends brought Lawson to a private sanitarium, in search of new environment and special treatment for a rest cure.

After a month's stay, another physician, a specialist, was consulted.

He said the patient was in bad shape,

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and could only advise recreation and perfect freedom from worry.

"Let him go to the theatre all he likes; let him hear good music, let him take Turkish baths; give him constant change of scene," advised the doctor. "In these things lie his best chance of recovery.

CHAPTER III.

It was the end of March, the company had disbanded through the unexpected, sudden death of its star, Mr. Field, the scholarly and popular actor, who had just bowed to his last curtain call—and made his exit from this earth.

The entire company returned to the metropolis in search of new engagements, with the exception of Nedra Rafael, the leading lady of the company, who through economy, had saved enough from her salary to enable her to rest and pursue her studies till the following season.

Nedra Rafael was peculiarly gifted for a stage career—she was temperamental, combining refined, captivating manners with a thorough education—and a striking eloquence expressed in a low, rich, musical voice.

She was not a jolly good fellow—a bohemian in the theatrical sense. She never chummed with the other members of her company. She never accepted invitations to indulge in late suppers, or to meet the sporting fraternity in the different bohemian haunts; she was very

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exclusive, slow to accept friends, but, when once made, she held them delighted captives.

Her oval face shone with the beauty reflected from within; her warm expressive eyes were radiant—the eyes of the woman who loves humanity. Her face was fair with a tinge of color; the low white brow was shaded by sunny brown waves and marked by low, straight brows, from beneath which shone her luminous dark brown eyes, that seemed to burn into the very heart of her hearers. The firm yet tender mouth was perfect, and as she smiled the well-chiseled full red lips parted, half displaying the small, pearly white teeth that gleamed between them; the nose was a blending of the greek and egyptian, and eluded the sculptor's or painter's art to copy. She was a little above medium height, with a lithe, willowy, slender form, whose every movement was personified grace.

Nedia was a girl of singular temper, of great love and tenderness, and the gravity and piety that very early shone through her, refusing childish and vain sports when very young; she started in life with a positive craving for information.

She had a passion for music, and possessed a sweet, powerful voice. It was

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from her simple-minded, pious mother that Nedra inherited her indomitable moral courage, and sublime devotion to what she believed to be her duty. Her mother, a pure, strict Jewess, and a lovable woman, with whom conscience was the arbiter of action, and duty performed the goal of service, had but little to give her daughter beyond her example and advice, but that was of such sterling quality that it proved to be better than anything else could have been. She instilled in the growing girl's mind and heart the same religious fervor that glowed in her own, and the devotion and moral sentiment which were born in her were fostered and increased by home training and influence. Mrs. Rafael's true womanhood, her unflagging devotion to what she felt was the will of Heaven, was the living book—the Bible that her people had given to the world; and in which her daughter learned the lessons that made her life so great a blessing to mankind.

Nedra had been sent to school abroad, at ten years of age, and had received a thorough education in music, languages and painting, both in Paris and in Italy; which was to prepare the foundation for those histrionic talents which she had evinced from her earliest childhood.

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At seventeen years of age, through a combination of unforeseen circumstances, she was practically alone in the world. She chose, partly through lofty aspiration and necessity, a dramatic career. She made her début on the stage, creating a French character in a society play, at a Metropolitan theatre, and scored an immediate success.

Nedia was continually holding an inward debate as to the right and wrong ways of the workaday world. She had two strongly-marked individualities: first, her warm Southern nature—her great love for art, in no matter what line, if it was only artistic, she would immediately become an enthusiastic disciple and worship at its shrine; so much so that, upon those occasions, she would lose all consciousness of her other self, which was the reverse of that high-strung, artistic temperament. Her other self—her real ego—was a young girl, pure in body and thought, so pure that at times she almost seemed too severe and narrow-minded amid the irreligious atmosphere all about her; Nedia was not slow in condemning those of her own sex who, through physical weakness, or circumstances, had contracted a loveless marriage, or had yielded to what men would define as the

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pleasures of life. Everywhere the wreckage of moral happiness was plainly visible.

So it is not to be marveled at that between her ardent artistic nature, and the pious, modest and prudent girl, there was a constant inward clashing—as to the *pro et contra* of the daily events that constantly crossed and beset her path.

Nedia was from her earliest distinguished as a student—a deep thinker, and quick observer. In her mental note book she used to jot down her impressions, evolved from the daily happenings; and by the time she reached her twentieth year, had an immense amount of valuable ideas. She had all the light hearted gayety within her own nature to get pleasure out of everything that came her way, and not only to get it for herself, but to extend it to others.

Nedia was not a flirt, but, just a lovable charming girl with enough coquetry in her nature to make her attractive. She was a keen judge of human nature, quick to know the real from the imitation. Her judgment was based upon both reason and intuition.

She was splendidly good company, everyone who appreciated goodness, loved her.

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She was the tenderest, sweetest girl imaginable, of great firmness of character, and yet she was full of life and fun. Her manner with men was frank and friendly, and unaffected. She had scores of admirers. They would fall in love with her, not because she lead them on, but, because she was so feminine, and magnetic that they could not help it.

She never allowed a man to propose to her if she could keep him from doing so. Of what use? she would ask, with a sigh, while waiting patiently for her soulmate—and she thought happiness in marriage was worth working and waiting for. She was so utterly womanly and sympathetic.

To more fully understand Nedra's wonderful character, we must go back to her birth, or rather that which had gone before. She had been desired—begotten in love.

Her parents were Orthodox Jews, descended from a long line of scholarly men and pious gentle women; they were well-to-do, and had come to America immediately after their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Rafael located in New Orleans, and prospered in the jewelry business; they had had four sons, and then they longed and wished for a daughter; when one bright morning, on the twenty-second

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of February, she came, in answer to their prayers to bless their home, there was great rejoicing.

Nedia was born prematurely. She arrived while her mother was out viewing the parade in honor of General George Washington.

In after years she would often laughingly remark, when her ideas seemed far in advance of the people about her, that she was somewhat premature. Three girls followed, and then adversity through investments with Wall Street sharks overtook the family, and the battle with life's hardship and struggle began. The mother died at an early age—grief and poverty had hastened her end—the children, with the exception of Nedia, soon passed away.

The father had written to his (only surviving child) daughter about his plans—that he was going to absent himself for some time; and then he went away to a small town, to work upon his invention, which had for some years past engrossed his mind, to the neglect of his business affairs, and upon which he had spent his all, to further his aim to serve humanity!

He had endured many self-imposed denials; his business associates, and the few distant relatives taunted and laughed

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at his sacrifices. But he had dreamed upon achieving some great benefit to mankind; he labored hard, and patiently, in his efforts to give to the world an invention—wherewith to equip ships to prevent collisions at sea, and thereby save human life!

All Nedra's relatives (excepting her father), were dead.

And now on the threshold of sweet womanhood, she was practically alone in the world, surrounded by innumerable temptations and loneliness.

In the interest of dramatic art, Nedra would often endeavor to fathom (as much as was permissible a maiden) the mysteries of love!

Can it be wondered then, that at such times, she would, while in conversation with some learned, intellectual friend, who as it happened, was either a lawyer, an artist or a physician, ask in the most naive manner for an analysis—or scientific description of some of the human passions, which so mystify and control mankind.

Living in the great Metropolis she had often overheard men of the world in the most nonchalant way, declare that most married women lacked modesty and virtue—even young girls were not always what they seemed.

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Nedia's whole nature revolted in *dégoût* at the men who could make such false imputations against her sex, and she always seized the occasion, whenever she met with such skeptical men, which was quite often, to demonstrate to them how narrow-minded, and how utterly incapable they were, of *judging* God's most divine and perfect creation, a pure and lovely woman.

Nedia, however, determined to study her own sex with the most scrupulous observation, that she might see if such *lack* of purity and modesty really *did* exist. She had paused, as if upon a precipice, waiting to be either hurled down into the abyss where peace of mind is unknown, or to be raised upon a silver cloud, towards the regions of light and happiness. While pausing there upon the brink, she inquired of herself: "Is purity only a synonymous term, as the great number of *blase* would have us infer, judging from the number of loveless marriages; or, is it so sublime, as to be beyond the comprehension of the irreligious individuals who constitute the *majority* of society?"

When two or more women get together one of the things you don't hear is silence.

At the boarding house, it happened one day that among the many subjects which

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women are prone to discuss intimately among themselves, the question of the Turkish bath was brought upon the *tapis*, and a long discussion ensued as to the why and wherefore a pure woman should *not* indulge in the luxury and cleanliness of a Turkish bath. It must here be noted that, at the time when that particular topic was being dissected, there were present, besides Nedra, several spinsters, two married women, and one widow.

It can well be surmised that between the widow and the married women there was a sort of mute *entendu* for fun's sake—to shock these unsophisticated maidens, as much as was consistent, without compromising themselves. They spoke of the healthy and vital effect which the Turkish bath exercised upon one's system; the brilliant sparkle it gave to the eye; the deliciousness of feeling, when the blood goes throbbing through the veins, having all the dormant senses awakened with burning desire—yearning to kiss one's sweetheart—and, then, ultimately, to have a calm, soothing sensation creep over one's nerves, and to drop off into a delightful siesta upon one of those soft harem couches.

The delightful description seemed to intensify the irritability of these maidens'

nerves—who had journeyed alone upon life's loveless road; they declared that a pure woman might as well go straight to Gehenna as to indulge in such an immodest luxury. However, each one secretly resolved that she, too, would soon become initiated into its mysteries.

During all this conversation, pro and con, Nedra had not spoken a word, (but had nevertheless been thinking to a purpose, and she also had resolved to personally investigate the mysterious delights of a Turkish bath). That evening Miss Lee, a governess on sick leave, one of the maiden guests, an English woman of gentle birth, but by nature rather prudish and narrow-minded, confided her intentions to Nedra, in the hope of inducing her to accompany her, but Nedra replied that if there was any scorching or touching of conscience to occur—it would be prudent to wait a little while longer. Miss Lee, however, concluded that she had already waited long enough, and proposed to experiment on her conscience at an early date. The next day she decided to go, and promised to give Nedra an accurate account of her impressions.

She went to the Vendome, as their baths and appointments were considered to be of the best, and after several hours had

elapsed she returned and immediately entered Nedra's room, exclaiming:

"Oh! Nedra, what I have seen is abominable, dreadful! Your American married women's lack of modesty is simply shocking. I shall grasp the first opportunity to get married—and with this resolution still quivering on her tightly drawn lips she sank down upon a *fauteuil* with her head between her hands and groaned. Nedra was mute with consternation, not knowing whether to be angry at the English maid's narrow-mindedness or at the keen sense of humor of her concluding remark; or, as a fearful thought came over her: "What if it were really true? What if her American sisters were as she had said, when away from the family circle and *incognito*—especially *dans un endroit* like the Turkish bath, where visions of the Turkish harem are aroused—where one can vividly picture the beautiful slaves as they lounge about upon luxurious couches, draped in the thinnest of silken gauze. The English maid had just led her to believe, by deploring the lack of modesty in the American women, that even the gauze did not exist.

It was, indeed, a very serious and bewildering problem for a modest young girl to attack.

Nedra was not, however, a girl to shrink

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from anything when she felt that she was accomplishing her duty, and that which she considered the duty of every pure woman—to set a good example—to help build noble character and uplift mankind.

She therefore resolved upon two things: first, to visit the Turkish bath to see if things were really as bad as her English friend had attempted to describe; second, if such should be the case, to immediately embark upon a lecturing tour, with the aim and purpose of sowing the seeds of more modesty throughout the land.

CHAPTER IV.

It was ten o'clock when Nedra entered the well-known Turkish bath establishment.

After leaving her few valuables at the office, she was shown to an apartment by a female attendant. (I say female attendant for the benefit of some uninitiated old maid within whose suspicious bosom—if it may be so designated—may exist visions of eunuchs as indispensable and special ornamentations of the Turkish bath.

Upon being escorted by the attendant to a luxuriously furnished boudoir Nedra gazed about her, diffident, as if in fear.

She stood there—timid and shy—transfixed, with that exquisite and naive consciousness that precedes the experiencing of a peculiar sensation, of which one is as yet ignorant.

After what seemed a long pause, which was interrupted by the attendant, who gently inquired if this was her first experience, to which Nedra blushing assented, the woman provided a white sheet, which was to serve as drapery; and after

having pointed out the bell with which to summon her, withdrew, but not before she had, with a very mischievous twinkle in her eyes, assured Nedra that there were only ladies in the establishment.

Nedra leisurely began to disrobe, placing one after the other upon a chair near at hand the dainty garments, which only a short time before had caressingly clung to her.

The atmosphere became laden with delicate violet incense.

Nedra had by this time dispensed with all her garments save one, a lavender-colored silken vest of finest mesh, which one might have concealed within the palm of a closed hand. Before taking this off she once more glanced about her, to make sure that she was alone, when lo, she beheld for the first time, a beautiful life-sized oil painting of the Apollo Belvedere upon the wall, whose eyes seemed riveted upon her—glaring at her like balls of fire; his strong frame appeared convulsed with some powerful emotion—his whole body seemed to quiver with one ardent desire.

Nedra stood motionless, dazed, as if held by some powerful magnetic spell—shot out from those wonderful eyes of his.

After a pause of several minutes, Nedra seemed to regain the power of action, for

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suddenly remembering how Eve-like was her costume, she threw herself upon the couch, her face suffused with blushes, her whole body seemed to tremble. Heaven! Suppose he were really a live man! How awful! How perfectly dreadful to think that she had thus been seen.

At a gentle tap upon her door, Nedra sprang from the couch, covering her face with her hands in strange confusion; a crimson glow surged over her from head to foot. She laughed a light, silvery laugh, as she realized that it was the attendant inquiring if she were ready.

The last garment was removed and seemed to fall reluctantly from her hand. Nedra enveloped herself with the sheet, *à la* Greek, and followed the woman.

It was with no little trepidation that she crossed the threshold of the hot air room, for it was here that she was to get her first glimpse of what the English maid had termed "shocking lack of modesty."

Nedra, with downcast gaze, was led to a seat, and after a few moments timidly raised her eyes with earnest curiosity. She at once felt delightfully disappointed, for instead of seeing a number of undraped and audacious looking nymphs, she saw as if in a holy temple, so many white robed priestesses, who were draped even to their necks.

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Some were reading, some were thinking, as if indulging in self-communion, and, judging from the lovely glow that lighted up their faces, their thoughts must have indeed been as pure as their draperies.

Although they at once perceived that it was Nedra's first visit to a Turkish bath, never once by word or look did they betray any noticeable interest which might have embarrassed her.

Nedra was all the more puzzled by the fact that all those married women—there must have been over a dozen of them—seemed as quiet and reserved as though they were Vestal virgins.

After a half hour's stay in the hot air room, and after drinking several glasses of cold water, which caused the drapery to cling even closer to Nedra's figure, showing through the moist folds of the fabric the rosy pink of the flesh beneath, Nedra followed her attendant through several rooms, which were furnished with a number of Japanese screens, in which one could hear the most musical gurgles of delight, produced by the rubbing sensation upon the fair goddesses hidden behind those screens.

While passing several rooms, she happened to stumble against a screen, which she upset, and upon the instant was

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confronted by a tall, voluptuous blonde, *sans* drapery! Nedra bowed her head, closed her eyes, and waited—waited until the screen was replaced, and then continued her journey, careful, however, not to upset any more screens. She was finally shown into a narrow, wet cabinet, with a marble slab, which forcibly reminded her of some of the descriptions she had read of dissecting tables.

Here the attendant explained that the washing process occurred, and that all draperies must be removed. To this Nedra strenuously objected, but after some reasoning and persuasion a compromise was effected, and she consented to lie down upon the marble slab, retaining a portion of the drapery. After complying with the instructions, Nedra waited further developments, but the attendant seemed lost in admiration; so much so that Nedra ventured to ask if there was anything peculiar about her figure. The attendant quickly replied that there was nothing peculiar, but that she was exquisitely formed, that her bust and figure were simply perfect, and that many a rich woman would part with her wealth could she but possess her beautiful charms.

Nedra, being somewhat accustomed to meaningless flattery, attributed the at-

tendant's enthusiastic outburst to an expected fee, and, after a brief stay in the cabinet, which was cut short by Nedra, who resented the admiring glances of her attendant, she was ushered into the steam bath *a la russe*.

At first she could see nothing except another marble slab, upon which she sat down. After a few moments she began to distinguish her surroundings through the steam, and discovered two ladies lying upon slabs—two lovely blondes, whose drapery consisted of two towels. However, as Nedra persistently clung to her sheet, they merely smiled, as they thought that this was, evidently, her first experience in a Turkish bath.

After a few moments' silence one of them spoke, kindly advising Nedra not to remain too long, suggesting the possibility of heart disease, a remark which made her smile, for how many times had she been told, by those who had laid siege to her heart, and who, after repeated defeat, had given up the struggle, that she had no heart—that none had ever existed? And now she was advised to be cautious against heart disease! However, she did not feel alarmed upon that score, and after remaining for about ten minutes, she rang for the attendant, who led her behind one of those

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mysterious screens, where Nedia finally submitted to a partial rubbing down.

After having, under difficulties, because of her drapery, received another bath, consisting of alcohol and cologne, Nedia was led back to her boudoir by the attendant to enjoy her siesta, the latter remarked mischievously, on leaving her, that upon her second visit to the establishment she would probably be less timid.

Nedia sat in maiden meditation—fancy free, and soon fell into the arms of Morpheus, and contentedly lingered there for some time.

Upon awakening, her eyes dreamily wandered about. With a start of surprise she discovered another occupant. At the further end of the room, where the light was partially hidden by the handsome oriental portieres, she beheld a beautiful young girl; in the subdued light she could not exactly distinguish her face. The drapery which had covered her had slipped to the floor during sleep.

Nedia, as she glanced at the young girl, lay motionless with amazed admiration. She had never before realized how really divine a beautiful woman was under such circumstances.

She noted the delicately modeled figure, the exquisitely tapering limbs, the lovely

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contour of the body, the gently swelling glories of the bust; all seemed to glow and pulsate with the voluptuousness of life.

The sight held her captive. She gazed upon this supreme work of nature with a feeling which came perilously near to adoration.

"Such perfection," thought Nedra, "can only inspire the truest and highest thoughts. Before such sanctified nakedness, one feels in the presence of Heavenly influences."

She silently mused: "Oh, if only men could view woman, as she really is, a pure, lovely creature, who, marble-like, waits, depending upon man to awaken her with that divine spark, to animate her to that complete life, every moment of which lifts us nearer to Heaven, and in which every little action, and deed, is attended by sunshine and happiness.

"On the other hand, how many have started out hoping for the highest, yet attaining only the lowest—who have been condemned to be White Slaves—hurled into the deep pit of vice—condemned to the darkness of life, of soul, of thought, of everything—condemned by whom? By the wicked man; who, in a thoughtless way, takes the sweetness of a life as if it were a rosebud, and holds it in his fever-

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ish palm; it lies there to be scorched; to give him pleasure; it is there to serve him, not he to serve it; he examines it; admires it; squeezes all the delicate fresh perfume out of it, and when it is parched and withered, after having given up all—to the fevered palm—crushes it and carelessly tosses it aside, without even giving a moment's thought to the service rendered, without a moment's remorse at having accepted everything without return!

These were Nedie's musings. She suddenly started up with a half-frightened laugh, as she thought how accurately she had analyzed man's selfishness. The frightened laugh roused her from a reverie which was not without a foundation for fear; fear of the thought, that if every man was really so dreadfully selfish, how was she ever to select a husband.

She well knew that her great love for art, the vocation which she had chosen, her dream of becoming *une grande artiste*, made the selection of a husband somewhat remote, in the dim future, when she should be about thirty years old. She was now but twenty-three, and she had seven long years before her; still she trembled at the thought of the years, in which she was to still further study, and observe, man's selfish nature. She feared her own conclu-

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sions, that after that lapse of time, she would place even less faith in men than at the present.

Another fearful thought came over her: "What if through those pessimistic ideas, she were to become an old maid!!!" That would indeed be dreadful, simply horrible!!! Everybody seemed to ridicule, or pity, an old maid, and if there was anything that Nedra detested it was to be pitied. She loved, in her own innocent way, to arouse admiration, or even envy—but pity, never.

Here she paused to mentally quote, "To be or not to be." Yes, that was precisely the question which agitated every normal, full grown, tender hearted woman.

"To love or not to love." Even the dumb brute, in its narrow existence, must love. Yet how cunningly modest and unassuming this beautiful love appears! It is this very modesty, as he approaches us, more persuasive than commanding, which enthralls us!

So it is with a maiden. We instinctively feel that she is the emblem of purity, and yet, when awakened, capable of the most sublime, as well as the most degrading of passions. It all depends upon the man who awakens her.

Here she paused at the very uncertainty;

at the possible dreadful fate before her. How could she tell that the man who should come to open her treasure house to gather up the beautiful love-pearls—would in return for the faith placed in him—the wealth bestowed—keep his promises and cherish her? How could she know that he would inoculate her with the sublimest and purest love, which from that moment would decide her future, for first impressions are very rarely effaced. Should a maiden's first taste be of degrading passion, who knows but that her appetite may grow voracious, insatiable, leading her to repeated and continuous downfall. Here she paused again to ponder even more critically over the words: "To be or not to be." Whether 'twas wiser to love, and thereby be at the mercy of all the risks, and dangers, which are apt to follow love, or to wait—to delay—to pause for the ideal man which every girl pictures for herself, and which so seldom, if ever, materializes. No wonder that Nedra, after indulging in her long reverie, endeavoring to vivisection the good and bad qualities of man, could only discern his selfishness. Frightened with diving into depths, which were too deep for her to fathom, she sprang from her couch to divert her thoughts.

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What was her amazement to find that the lovely girl, whose beautiful figure had so vividly aroused her admiration, was none other than herself, reflected in a mirror, hidden among the rich draperies at the extreme end of the room.

Nedia smiled a self-appreciative smile as she thought that after the revelation which had so suddenly presented itself to her of her beautiful charms, she must now, more than ever, pray to God to be kept free from the numerous temptations which daily assailed her—so that, after life's race would be run, she should not fear to look back upon a misguided and barren waste. With this resolution, Nedia proceeded to her dressing-room, with the intention of quickly dressing and returning home, to tell the English maiden who was anxiously awaiting to hear her impressions, that our American woman can lead all the nations in modesty and goodness.

Nedia soliloquized while dressing that not in America was her contemplated lecturing tour upon woman's lack of modesty necessary. It might, perhaps, serve in England, especially if the prim English maiden was a specimen of English prudence.

As for the American women, they were,

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in general, the most beautifully formed, well-proportioned, intellectually bright, and, above all, modest women, that one could find, and Nedra, both as an artist and traveler, was perfectly capable of judging. Had she not, during her travels abroad, time and again been approached by men of vast riches, who tried with their wealth to tempt her from the narrow path—to lead a life of ease, and luxury! And had she not laughed at their futile attempts to fascinate her?

Had she not been in Sicily, Marseilles, Greece, at Corfu, Zanti, Patras, where the windows of dwellings are barred with heavy iron bars, to prevent the young ladies within from being kidnapped after refusing to listen to their impulsive, hot-headed admirers, who, notwithstanding refusals, still vow unto themselves that the damsels shall yet be theirs.

Had she not passed through hair-breadth escapes, and did she not go through the fire unscathed? Was she not one of America's daughters? And now, in her own beloved country, should she be told by a prim, narrow-minded English maiden that the American women lacked modesty? It was simply too much! She determined that her lecture tour should begin as soon as she reached

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home, and that Miss Lee should be her first audience.

Of course all this mental debate, pro and con, together with the exhausting effects of the bath, fatigued her greatly.

It was now about one o'clock, and as the establishment was open to ladies until three, the gentlemen's hours following, Nedra, half dressed and rather drowsy, sank languidly upon the couch for a moment's nap.

CHAPTER V.

Oh! what a heavenly sight it is to see
Young beauty rising into loveliness:
When from the giddy freaks of childhood free
She comes before our sight, as if to bless
The eye she ravishes; and pure no less
Than spring's precocious violet, when it blows
In vernal sweetness o'er the wilderness.
Virtue, her guardian angel, round her throws
The fragrance of the skies, in which she lives and
grows.

Nedia felt the air grow denser, as
though perfumed from an unseen censer.
A sound of footfalls, almost noiseless,
upon the tufted floor, attracted her, and
looking, she beheld the handsome Apollo,
but now his lyric mantle had been thrown
gracefully across his form.

No hammer fell, no pond'rous axes rung,
Like some tall palm, the mystic figure sprung.
Majestic silence !!! And there stood
With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower,
Gazing upon her pearl-hued satin flesh,
With deep-drawn sighs, such as men do who love.

A breathless silence reigned; a silence
of mutual contemplation!!! She was held
by the speechless passion of his gaze. It
seemed to last an eternity.

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Then in a low, musical thrilling voice, he said: "From the realms above, sweet maid, I come to woo thee. I come to earth through love of thee. If thou wilt but consent, sweet one, oh, I will lead thee hence, guide thee, bear thee in mine arms unto the haunts of love. Where life is one unbroken song of rapturous sweetness, and where love undying, floods each passing hour with bliss sublime."

Forgetting everything but that he had addressed her, Nedra asked, trembling, hesitatingly:

"Tell me, since you are a god, how is it, that you come to woo me, a woman of clay? How is it that among those celestial nymphs, who are the very ideals of love, poetry and heavenly virtue, how is it, pray tell me, that amidst all such perfection you did not love one, in your own ethereal station?"

"Oh! sweet Nedra, ply me not with cruel questions. Why? Because thou who art the one woman, of the earth made up of loveliness alone; the fairest maiden of her gentle sex, the peerless paragon, to whom nature and the gods have given a form so perfect, 'tis less of earth than heaven."

"But," she argued, "it is well for men of clay to discourse thus—to grow restless for that which is not within their grasp,

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but among the gods, who are all power and might, who have all beauty and perfection at command, who cannot express a desire that is not granted—can it be possible that with all this, you descend to the level of clay—to the weakness of mortal men?

“Are not the gods exempt from the trifling transient passions of earth?”

“Alas! No, Nedra. Even the gods are not perfect—especially where woman is concerned. We also have our desires, our dissatisfactions, our blindness to the perfections which surround us.

“Our garden is full of the choicest flowers, yet we sometimes perceive a little wild bud, which fills us with deep longings. We grow mad with desire to possess it, to nurture it, to make it bloom into the queen of flowers, and in our garden reign forever. Yet this little wild bud refuses all glory—tries to hide and evade us.

“It is then we feel with aching hearts that all our powers, our gifts and privileges avail us naught, since we at times, as well as mortal men, desire and long, and yearn, yet all in vain.

He turned sadly away and bowed his head upon his hand. From some unseen source a strain of tender melody came trembling through the air. A moment

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later a voice in rich, full tones, sang with pathetic cadence:

It was peeping through the brambles,
That little wild white rose,
Where the hawthorn edge was planted,
My garden to enclose.
All beyond was fern and heather,
On the breezy, open moor.

All within was sun and shelter,
And the wealth of beauty's store.
But I did not heed the fragrance
Of flower or of tree,
For my eyes were on that rosebud,
And it grew too high for me.

In vain I strove to reach it,
Through tangles, moss and green;
It only smiled and nodded
Behind its thorny screen.
Yet, through that summer morning,
I lingered near the spot.
Oh! why do things seem sweeter
When we possess them not?

My garden buds were blooming,
But all that I could see
Was that little, mocking, wild rose
Hanging just too high for me.
And, like the little charmer
That tempted me astray,
It stole out half the brightness
Of many a summer's day.

If we could only gather
The blossoms at our feet,
Than ever to be sighing
For just one bud more sweet.

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"Apollo, do you not hear? Why, then, are you so unreasonable as to sigh for so little, when you possess so much?"

"Nedia, canst thou hold thy love as trifling? Why, to me it is worth a kingdom.

"To try and win thy heart, thy love—to win thee all in all—I have forfeited my throne, have descended to earth—have become mortal in order to claim thee, to hold thee in my arms, to press thee to my loving heart, and cover thee with fond caresses. Oh! Nedia, how canst thou be so calm and self-possessed, when I, at thought of thee, at sight of thee, reel with intoxication and consume with an unquenchable fire?

"In gazing on those ripe red lips, from which soft happiness alone should flow, and which were made that vows of love might find an utterance, I feel my very soul go out to thee, pleading to press that fragrant bud to mine, that we may melt in one long blissful dream, and lose ourselves in Venus' groves of myrtle, bathing in honey beneath the spreading trees, where every little bird should be a cupid and sing of love and everlasting youth. Each wind that blew and curled the rose-bud's leaves would breathe the echoes of our delight.

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“Ripple, ripple, goes the love-song
Till in slowing time,
Early sweetness grown completeness
Floods its every rhyme;
Who together learn the music
Life and death unfold,
Know that love is but beginning
Until love is old.”

“Oh, thou, my fair Nedia, grant me
leave to draw nearer to thee, to take thee
in my arms, to clasp thee to my longing
heart, or, by the gods, I shall forget
myself!”

“Do not approach me. Your rash
longing for such love is madness.”—

“Oh, Nedia, I am not mad! I would to
heaven I were, for then 'tis like I should
forget my grief. Oh, adorable maiden,
teach me the flow of reason which cools
thy blood—for I am not mad; too well, too
well, I feel the plague of being in love.”

He was about to embrace her, when with a
tender wistful look she shrank from him.

“Do not fear me, gentle Nedia; I will be
docile, will patiently lie at thy feet, with-
out a murmur of reproach.

“I will suffer in silence; not one moan
shall escape my lips to strike unpleasantly
upon thine ear. No, Nedia, thou knowest
not how deeply rooted is my love for thee.
The time may come, perhaps, when thou

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mayest understand; then thou wilt at least pity me."

"Dear Apollo, I already pity you for your sufferings, but what can I do? You see that in justice to myself, I am powerless.

"Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing,

Ever made by the hand above,
A woman's heart and a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love.

"Do you know you have asked for these priceless things,

As a child would ask for a toy,
Demanding what others have tried to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy."

"And I, too, might wish to make demands, Apollo; I, too, may demand more than even you, a god, could give.

"Is your heart an ocean so strong so deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

"I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be,
If you give all this, I would stake my life,
To be all you demand of me."

"Oh, Nedra, thou sayest that thou requirest all things that are grand and

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true, all things that a man should be. Have I not offered thee my all?

"Is there anything that thou could'st ever ask that I would refuse? Any sacrifice that thou could'st think of, which I would not gladly make? Then why dost thou thus shut thine heart against me? Against my pleadings, against my love?"

"Why? Because all men, when in love, make such fervent vows as you have just made. They promise everything. They claim that they will sacrifice everything to the idol of their love. But how long will that idolatry last? As long as their love, which is as fleeting as the clouds."

"Nedia, how can'st thou do me this injustice? Thou knowest I have abandoned the gods, the goddesses, the heavens, forsook all for thee. Out of self, to love was led, and from heaven to earth descended. How can'st thou compare my love to the ordinary mortal's love?"

"Oh, this daily human love is so unintelligent, so blind, capricious, spasmodic, transitory, compared to mine. How could'st thou ever compare my love for thee to that of common mortals?"

"How? Why, simply because it takes the same common means which ordinary mortals adopt to soothe and calm their longings. You plead for a kiss as a proof

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of affection. Common mortals do likewise. You desire pleasure through companionship. So do they. Therefore, since you have descended upon earth, you have also descended to the common level of mortals.

"You cannot soar above them since you are sustained by the same pleasures and pains which rack their frames. Why do you, therefore, expect me to abandon myself to you without doubting the constancy of your vows—without hesitation. Can you then blame a maiden for pausing, before she leaps, to inquire where it will all lead to? Men are fickle! Attracted and influenced by superficial things—led by sight, not by reasoning; that is why most women deceive, and lie about their age—men do not care about women's souls, only that their body be young; men judge women as they do cattle.

It suffices for a man to see a girl with a pretty face and perhaps a shallow mind. He becomes her immediate captive; that is, the captive of the pretty face.

As for her shallow mind, that does not trouble him; it does not interest him; her face pleases his eyes—that suffices for the moment.

"But how when the years are fled, and

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with them shall have vanished the traces of the pretty face? When only the shallow mind will stand out in bold mockery? Then it is, that fickle man begins to look about for new conquest, for another pretty face, meanwhile forgetting that he also, with time, has undergone a severe change; that decay has set in! Strange to think that a man, through his conceit, never realizes that he also has grown old. His only reasoning is that his wife is old and perhaps ugly; that she can therefore remain at home and pine for love of him during his absence, and that he must seek new pastures.

“Are there not thousands of these fickle men, every one of whom would sweep his wife out of existence should it appear that she had been false to her vows, she also had been looking for pastures new. And yet he squanders his own time, money, health, and boasted respectability, on more or less degraded creatures, as though his wife’s honor and feelings were not worthy of consideration. That is the reason why we have so many divorce cases. Why should not a man’s vow, given at the altar, be equally binding? Why does he expect to deceive the woman, yet not be deceived? It is a well-known fact, that physically, man has less endur-

ance than woman; therefore, what excuse can he offer for straying from the woman to whom he has sworn to be faithful?

“He imagines he sees a face, a form, which has a stronger attraction. Why, if his imaginative powers are so keen, does he not use them to lavish upon his wife? Would she not become a thousand fold more attractive if he would bestow a little more of his imaginations upon her? After all, much of the pleasures of this fleeting existence are conjured up by our fertile imaginations. An artist takes up a part to act. He begins to imagine he is the character which he is about to portray. The more he thinks about it the more he feels convinced that he is not himself, but that which he desires to be, so long does he dwell upon that thought, until he really becomes the incarnate being of his imagination. Why does not the husband at the very outset, invest with beautiful imaginations the companion of his life?

“Why does he not, from the very beginning, take the shallow-minded and pretty-faced girl, and try to gently mould her to his own line of thoughts, which should be for their mutual interests, and an honor to the community? Why does he not teach her to be his companion, his

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confidant, as well as his wife, that together they may always find delight in being near each other, developing the same common tastes, and becoming one in fact instead of appearance.

"But no! He has lived a separate life, and now must sin to satisfy the newly-born results of selfishness.

"What a willing and delightful pupil the tutor might have had! One who would watch over and care for him upon life's journey, until from very gratitude, instead of being constantly on the alert to overtake the pretty-faced phantom, he would grasp ever at his side the devoted and sacred substance, his wife.

"Can you, therefore, blame me, Apollo, for thus pausing to reason?"

"No, Nedra, for alas I see the truth and wisdom of all thy sayings.

"Thou art indeed a happy maid; for one who thus reasons will never feel the wounding dart of disappointed love.

"I am hopeless; my sufferings are beyond reasoning.

"I must end this cruel suffering at once, for to me life without thy love is worthless. Weep not, Nedra, lost to me; know that for whom those tears thou sheddest even death's self is sorry."

"Oh, Apollo, believe me, a feeling of

sadness moves me to pity, but though pity is akin to love, it is not love, and to you I would be truthful."

"Nedia, do not pity me, since thou canst not trust me. The leave I take of thee now is final."

Quickly producing a dagger from the folds of his drapery, he was about to plunge it into his breast, when Nedia sprang from the couch, caught hold of his arm, exclaiming:

"Stay, Apollo! Live, live for my sake, for I love you."

Oh what was love made for if it is not the same,
Through joy and through torments, through glory
and shame.

I know not, I ask not if guilt's in thy heart,
I only know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

"Oh! dearest," he whispered:

"Thou art mine, thou hast come unto me!"

Gently embracing her, drawing her nearer to him, as he caressingly covered her beautiful form with passionate, burning kisses, his voice quivering with pleading expectancy, his lips seeking the ruby tinted borders of her finely chiseled mouth, his liquid eyes swimming with love. "Oh," he murmured,

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"Thou art mine, I have made thee mine own;
Henceforth we are mingled forever!

"Sweet Nedra, my beloved one, my adored one, come nestle closer to me; let the warm stream flow from thy heart to mine—that I may feel that thy love is a sweet reality! Speak, my angel, is not our rapture heavenly?"

"Oh, dearest," she whispered, "think of it, my soul has gone out to thee."

I feel the fire of thy passion,
Bathe my frame with a crystal mist,
And the fear that fills my bosom,
I strive in vain to resist.

"Have no more fears, my Nedra, I will shield thee from all harm. Here, in my bosom, danger is powerless!"

And, as if intoxicated from the nectar of his zone,—she swooned.

CHAPTER VI.

I dreamed and felt that life was beauty ;
I woke and found it needed duty.

When Nedra opened her eyes she was lying on the floor.

She realized, after an instant, that the passionate Apollo, who a few moments before was so humbly kneeling at her feet, breathing the most beautiful vows of love—and whose fervent prayer to her was that she should love him, trust him, yield to him—the tender, ardent Apollo who, with tears in his eyes, beseechingly implored her to have pity upon his sufferings—was but the phantom of a dream!

When, in his distress, he appealed to her, it was then that Nedra was only a woman, whose feminine compassionate heart went straight to the man who had so patiently sued for her love, and who, through her frigid reserve, was suffering such untold anguish.

It was then that Nedra threw open her arms to clasp the loving Apollo to her heart—to abandon herself to him; and, while indulging in that ecstatic gesture,

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felt an electric current vibrate through her whole being. She opened her eyes, but only to find that, during her sleep, she had fallen from the couch, and that the delicious phantom of her dream had vanished.

It was well, for Nedie's sake, that it was only a dream. She lay there upon the floor with open eyes, unwilling to admit, even to herself, that she had only dreamed. How could it be? Did she not still have that delicious feeling which had coursed through her while gazing into his lovely eyes?—Even now, she could still hear those fervent vows which seemed to burst forth from the depths of his soul. She could still feel his fond caresses.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, lovely vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight?

Could it be possible that all those delightful emotions had been only a dream? Yes, it was only a dream, for she was thoroughly aroused now, and could locate the voices of different people outside, who were coming and going.

Nedia stood with breathless surprise. The voices she heard were masculine.

She looked at the clock. It was half-

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past four o'clock. The establishment was open for ladies until three P. M. After that came the hours for gentlemen.

When she had paused in the midst of her dressing to take another five minutes' nap, it was only one o'clock. Could she have slept three hours and a half? Could it be possible that her presence during the gentlemen's hours had not been discovered? True, when she entered the room she had bolted the door, but how was she to leave that room now without attracting attention—without, perhaps, encountering the real—perhaps the undraped—Apollons who were at that time enjoying the baths?

There was only one thing to do, thought Nedra, and that was, if she would not be discovered, to remain where she was and wait until the next day, when the place would be re-opened to ladies. Then she could leave without being noticed. Of course, she could ring the bell for an attendant, whose silence she could purchase for a sum of money and so escape from the establishment; but another thought—how if the attendant happened to be without clothes! No, she could not afford to take any such risks! With this conclusion she sank down upon the couch to wait until the next day, meanwhile pinching herself to see if this was

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not all some awful continuation of her dream, some nightmare.

But no; Nedra found it only too true, it was a dreadful reality, and she decided patiently to wait.

The visitors seemed to be coming and going, most of them seemed sans drapery, judging from the boisterous remarks which Nedra overheard.

"I say, Bob, what a splendid muscle you have."

"See here, Harry, how is this for a pair of calves, eh?"

"By Jove, Frank, what a strong athletic build Lawson is; I would almost wager him against Attell."

Then all was silent. After a little while she could again hear the same voices as they were returning from the baths. Some exchanging greetings, some made rendez-vous to dine at the club, others to sup at some Bohemian café, others to be introduced to some young girl, and then the chatter of voices slowly died away.

Nedra was mentally remarking how like little vain boys all these men appeared; how they seemed to delight in having their forms admired before a crowd; how they discussed, and boasted about their athletic qualities. A woman's modesty would not permit her to discuss her

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charms in a like manner among her own sex, when all of a sudden Nedie's conclusions were interrupted by the voices of several men who had entered the adjoining room with, "Oh, d—— it, Colonel, I would rather go to Jericho than to attend Mrs. Lastor's dinner to-night; it is a perfect imposition upon a young man's liberty."

"Why hang it, Hector, you are not so much to be pitied after all, is he, Jack?" Without waiting for a reply, the Colonel continued:

"Mrs. Lastor has an excellent cook; her wines are not to be excelled; and besides, Mrs. Lastor is a very handsome woman, capable of letting a man get a glimpse of paradise."—

"Ha! ha! ha! really, Colonel? You would not consider it so had you had as much of it as I have."

"What ingratitude!" thought Nedie.

"Bah! That is just like you pampered young men," replied the famous Colonel Tom Hollowee; "never know when your bread is buttered."

"Buttered, eh? Why over the butter there is even honey spread; and yet it tastes bitter—yes, bitter, Colonel. For to be forced to dance constant attendance upon a married woman, just because a

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fellow, after seeing her home one night from the Assembly Ball, and after having had a little too much frappe, found it was the most natural thing in the world for his arm, induced by the constant movement of the carriage, to kind of search for a resting place, and so it happened that my arm slipped gently about Mrs. Lastor's waist. To my surprise, she completely abandoned herself, exclaiming:

"'Cher Hector, je suis frapper au coeur.'

"So it happened that I made a fool of myself by telling her I was also frapper—I had indulged in too much champagne.

"Well, from that day to this, the messenger boys are kept constantly on the go. It is:

"'I am going to attend the opera to-night, and I expect you to be there.' Or, 'We dine at Mrs. B—'s to-night; don't fail to come to the dance which follows.' 'I will drive in the park at 3 P. M. Must meet you there,' etc.

"Why, only this morning, when I arrived at the bank, there was a messenger who had been waiting for nearly an hour—of course, I was a little later than usual—with a message to be delivered to Wurmsor, Jr., in propria personæ. After I had dismissed the boy, father called me

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into his private office and wanted to know from whom those numerous messages came. I simply said: 'See here, governor, do not feel alarmed. I am too busy chasing after dollars and grass widows; besides, I make it a rule to steer clear of young girls, and of breach of promise suits—married women are my style.' ”

“How contemptible!” whispered Nedie.

“You never hear a man boasting of his will power when his wife is around.”

“What is your opinion, Colonel, eh?”

“Well, boy, it is hard to tell. My reason for being an old bachelor comes from too much experience—I have sampled all the grades—the maid, the married woman, and the widow.”

“How horrible!” ejaculated Nedie.

“Heaven preserve you from the widow, boys. When the time comes for me to settle down to married life, I shall choose an old maid.”

“Colonel, why not the widow?”

“Because, I prefer rather to be a revelation, to the old maid, than a disappointment, to the widow!”

A general laugh ensued; Nedie trembled with suppressed indignation.

“Do you boys know the reason why so many young women are ready, nay I might say eager, to throw themselves at

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the first amicable man?" earnestly inquired the old Colonel of his companions, and, without waiting for an answer, he continued:

"Because, of the heartless, selfish attitude of the average modern, married woman toward those young women! Instead of the married woman becoming the friend and adviser of the single woman, in nine cases out of ten, she becomes her rival; for the admiration and affection of the wandering bachelor—she amiably dines and entertains all the single men she can gather about her, to impress upon her husband what a paragon of perfection she is, and that her stock is way up; while she never fails to seize every opportunity to pick at, and discuss the faults of the unmarried women of her acquaintance, and hold them up to view for ridicule to the men of her household.

"Of course the single girl resents the feline antagonism which the married woman displays towards her; instead of the sisterly love and protection she has a right to expect, and receive; in her turn, retaliates—by often encouraging and accepting the flattering attentions of the husband.

"That is the reason why thousands of unexpected divorces occur.

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"Ah, take it from an old bachelor's experience, boys," said the Colonel:

"After all my adventurous career I have formed this conclusion, that there is only one thing which keeps a woman pure, and that is fear—fear of being found out."

"The wretches!" burst out Nedie, in her most tragic voice, totally oblivious for the moment that she might be overheard.

"I say, Colonel, what was that?"

"D——d if I know."

"But it sounded like a woman's voice, and in the next room. By heavens, some one's weeping. Ring for the attendant."

Poor Nedie was actually nonplussed at the sudden turn things had taken, for she could hear every sound in the next room. She had heard the attendant answer the bell, and upon being told what suspicions they had, heard him ejaculate his surprise by saying:

"Begorra, ye don't mane it!"

However, she soon heard him at her door trying to open it, and also to convince himself if what had just been told him was really true.

Pat tried the door and finding it locked banged at it with a vengeance, at the same time exclaiming: "Oi, say, if ye don't open the door Oi'll break it open; which is yer choice? Better answer or we'll not wait!"

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Poor Nedra saw there was no alternative, so she made up her mind to speak, and asked the attendant to either call the clerk or one of the gentlemen, to which the young man's voice, from the next room, immediately responded:

"Madam, will you kindly tell me how I may prove of service to you?"

"Sir, you are very kind, and I assure you that I feel most grateful, for I will gladly avail myself of your offer to serve me, but upon one condition."

"It is granted, madam, before you name it."

"Thanks, sir, I see I am speaking to a gentleman; (and she silently recalled the fact that only a few moments ago she had concluded they were a set of depraved wretches).

"The fact is, sir, that I came here this morning to take a bath during the ladies' hours, and after enjoying a nap, I found, to my consternation, that I had overslept myself. I now desire to leave. I am all dressed and veiled, and if you will give me your word that I can leave this place without being molested, I will open this door and gladly take my departure."

After a few moments' silence, the same voice was again heard:

"Madam, the coast is clear."

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Nedia, after having doubled her veil, tremblingly opened the door, passed through the corridor, which seemed to be empty, but whose walls seemed alive with burning glances and suppressed whispers.

She sped on, like through a flame, and came out unscorched into the street.

How happy she was to see the hot, dusty pavement once more, as she mused, "No more Turkish baths for me," and "no more love-sick Apollo dreams."

She almost fled home, but not, as she thought, alone, for there was a silent figure following—he had determined to know who the self-imprisoned bird was. From her reserved manner and neat attire, he instinctively felt she was a pure girl, and a lady.

Nedia arrived at her abode, and he recognized it at once as a fashionable boarding house.

"By Jove," he mused; a brilliant idea.

"I will engage a suite of rooms with board for a few weeks.

"The doctor's advised a change. I will live there, for I am more determined than ever to know who was that lovely, low-voiced enchantress."

Nedia, as soon as she had taken off her wraps, partook of a light dinner, and then went to her room. She could not forget

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the varied impressions she had received that day—the warmth of love she had experienced—while listening to the pleading Apollo, and then later, the jeering way those society men had spoken of their female associates—blasting the character of their women friends—how they had scoffed at virtue, with their coarse jokes on others.

She sat far into the night, in deep thought—trying to think of something that would prevent the vice and crime of society! And awaken the conscience of men and women who fling their souls to the heaps—to live a purer and nobler life.

She sat long hours and prayed for light, but O, she seemed so helpless in her efforts to better social condition; weary, and heartsore, she retired to sleep.

CHAPTER VII.

Men love to live, Women live to love.

A boarding-house is like an ocean ship, with its human cargo of good, bad and indifferent people, all living for a while in the same boat.

The week following Nedie's visit to the Turkish bath, there appeared at dinner a new guest, who was introduced as Mr. Norton. He was tall, dark complexioned, and manly, about twenty-eight years of age, his features were well cut, his dark eyes expressive, his figure and bearing were those of a gentleman and one used to refined society. In a word he was a man to attract attention and admiration.

Nedie scarcely acknowledged the introduction, and was very reserved.

She made it a rule never to form more than a bowing acquaintance with people she met in boarding-houses. Mr. Norton, however, recognized her melodious voice, and was immediately convinced that Nedie was his heroine.

He was inwardly more than delighted, for she was really one of the brightest

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young girls he had ever met, and a true pious daughter of his father's noble ancestors; he determined more than ever, that, if he could not win her heart, he would at least gain her friendship.

He spent his evenings at home in the parlor, occasionally playing classical music on the piano, he was a fine performer.

Nedia very seldom appeared there; she was busy with her studies; and there were few young girls in the house besides her, most of the boarders being married couples, preferred the privacy of their rooms, they seemed to care a great deal for each other's society.

This marriage devotion puzzled Mr. Norton. It was so different from his experiences and observations of conjugal happiness among his own circle—the snobbish Four Hundred—who seemed to be playing constantly at hide-and-seek with each other. The husband at the clubs, the wife at their friends' houses, but seldom seen together, as though it might be considered *mauvais*, *gout*, or ill-bred, to show their devotion.

Society is always acting for the outward effect, for the benefit of their friends, who are constantly on the alert to remark, to criticize, to gossip, to find fault—look at the groups of overfed, overdressed, scan-

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dal-mongering women; who are rocking in chairs on the piazzas of the summer resorts, telling stories that blast and shrivel up innocence—stories that besmirch the soul.

Our American heiresses have gone mad, in quest of empty, foreign titles; so many loveless marriages.

And the society mothers, shirking the duties and cares of home life, in order to rear their children in a hotel amid its demoralizing atmosphere—where social liberty is turned into social license; everything for outward show, and never once thinking of their own sacred home duties and happiness.

All this deceiving one's self, he mused, and all this constant shamming before the world was vapid and unsatisfying. Must in the end become nauseating and breed a self-contempt.

What pleasure could one derive by deceiving one's self? To be constantly conversing in that language, the deceitful, hypocritical language of fashionable society. Why not look at these gold-tinseled bedecked men, and women with their selfish hearts, and hollow, mocking laughter in its true light; call them by their real name; yes, they were shams—

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pure and simple shams — a blot on humanity.

As for the old life, I am through with it. Yes, through with all that pertains to it.

How much more true happiness this boarding-house contained, with its tough beefsteaks, and badly cooked food. The guests seemed all contented. They were engaged in honest work—studying to achieve higher things. Theirs was a sensible view of life.

If Nedra, this noble daughter of Israel, would only consent to love him, he also would bend every effort to be of use to his fellow-man—to achieve higher things.

Ah, he murmured: After the race is run—it is the achievement of good deeds—useful service for others, which constitute the real value of life.

My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?

Awake, my sluggish soul!

Nothing hath half thy work to do;

Yet nothing is half so dull!

Go to the ants; for one poor grain

See how they toil and strive;—

Yet we who have a heaven to obtain,

How negligent we live!

Waken, O Lord, my drowsy sense,

To walk this dangerous road;

That if my soul be hurried hence,

May it be found in God?

CHAPTER VIII.

Norton, after having been a week at his new abode, noticed that besides Nedra several other marriageable ladies were guests in the house; one especially of uncertain age, a Miss Alice Lee. She was a perfect bluestocking. She somehow took an immediate fancy to him, and expressed the same by relaxing her military stiffness whenever he came into the room. He sat on her left; on her right, which was the head of the table, sat the Baptist minister, Mr. Steerwell, and facing Miss Lee was Colonel Dampling, a jovial old widower whose seventy-eight years hung lightly upon his shoulders; opposite to them sat Nedra. Miss Lee seemed particularly attentive to Mr. Norton's wants this evening, which was something very unusual for her with her constant frigid reserve. She passed him the cream when he most desired it, helped him to some salad, and looked up and down the table for some imaginary courses which the *cuisiniere* had evidently omitted. All the other guests, especially Evangelist Steerwell, smilingly thought how much

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more agreeable Miss Lee had suddenly become. Some of them were even wicked enough to think that all these little attentions showered upon Mr. Norton were only done with an aim to arouse the green-eyed monster, jealousy, in the gallant Colonel's breast—who, as they concluded, had for some time past been speculating on making her Mrs. Dampling number three, but delayed, because, not having attempted such a delicate proposition in years, his nervousness seemed to interfere! So, because of the Colonel's lack of courage to propose, poor Miss Lee's heart was kept in a constant flutter of suspense.

Nedia was all sympathy for the lonely governess, and often tried to impress upon the gallant old Colonel what a good, devoted, affectionate wife Miss Lee would make.

One evening the conversation was general; the Rev. Mr. Steerwell, who had resided at the house ever since the death of his young wife some two years ago, was absent, he had gone to perform a marriage service; the guests were all discussing the marriage of a neighbor's daughter which had occurred that morning.

"One nice thing about being in love," said one of the guests, "is, that while it

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lasts you do not notice your other troubles;" the diners smiled.

"I wonder," placidly remarked Colonel Dampling, "which way the young couple went?"

Nedia immediately replied: "The way that all married people go!" Every one present unconsciously paused with their knives and forks; there was a sound of suppressed titters. Nedia saw at a glance that she had said that which the others had evidently misconstrued—so to subdue their opinions she added: "Yes, they cannot have gone far, for their luggage consisted of one small trunk."

This was the climax, for every one laughed heartily. Colonel Dampling, through whose question she had replied with that awful double *entendre*, complacently answered her second remark, by saying that perhaps they went to a warm climate where they would not require much wearing apparel.

Mr. Norton greatly enjoyed Nedia's *naïve* and witty outbursts, and, in fact, every one was in the most genial mood.

There was still another guest who had greatly admired Nedia, a Mr. Thomas Andrew Gould, a commercial traveler for a large jewelry firm, who boarded there when in town.

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It did not take Mr. Gould very long to discover that Nedra was a delightfully brilliant young girl. He also noticed with regret that Mr. Norton, though never having expressed the same, was of his opinion. From that moment there arose a taciturn dislike between them. Each silently determined to outwit the other in gaining her affections.

Nedra could read character at a first glance. When she was introduced to people she immediately formed an inward judgment of them. She did not form this judgment in a haphazard manner, but analyzed them in the most scientific way. And she would very often astonish her friends, and even the person whom she was judging, by giving an accurate account of the faults and qualities of her subjects. When Nedra was introduced to Mr. Gould she decided to keep frigidly aloof from his advances of friendship.

Nedra began to meet Mr. Norton more often in the parlor. They played several duets together, and had some very interesting chats about art, the stage, her travels, music, painting, and astronomy. They spoke reverently of the Bible, which their ancestors had given to the world. In a burst of confidence he had confessed that his father was a Jew, who had changed

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his name, and married out of his faith. Their views seemed to blend. In fact, they felt like old friends, and he began to grow hopeful. She was very brilliant in conversation, but not susceptible. She did not care to discuss love—especially with a man toward whom she felt herself instinctively drawn as with a magnet. She displayed great tact, and in a bright and witty way often declined his invitations and gifts, which at times he took the liberty of offering. She felt he was hiding something concerning his family. But notwithstanding all her refusals to accept his proffered attentions, she liked him, and spoke to him at times as though he were a dear brother.

Mr. Gould saw that he was not making any progress, but he was not easily discouraged at rebuffs or frigidity.

"Patience," he murmured. "I have succeeded so often on the road in conquering the pretty girls that I will not lose hope in my power to attract, although I admit that she is the most unapproachable girl I have ever met.

"How am I going to break this conventional ice," he mused, "if she does not give me some opportunity? If she happens to enter the parlor and I am there, she does not pay the slightest attention to my

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presence. I notice when that man Norton is there, she immediately brightens up, her tongue becomes loose, and, without knowing how, they appear deeply engrossed in a long chat about music, or some other branch of art. Yes, art; that's where these society darlings get the best of us commercial travelers. Now, for instance, if the talk ran on business, selling a bill of goods, why, I could do more talking in five minutes than that dandy Norton could accomplish in a whole day.

"I have invited her to the theatre, for a drive in the park, to dine out—but, no, she absolutely refuses to accept any little friendly attentions I offer. However," he concluded, "I will not lose courage. I will get there. I will declare my love to that girl if I have to climb through her window to do so!"

The Rev. Mr. Steerwell had often observed Mr. Gould's offensive glances, with which he seemed to pursue Nedie's beautiful figure, whenever she entered, or left the room; and thought that he would give him a gentle rebuke—so that he should in future think more seriously of the salvation of his soul.

One evening after dinner, Rev. Minister Steerwell took Mr. Gould aside and said: "Can you appreciate a good story?"

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"I certainly can."

"Then listen to the following one:"

"While driving along a country road a clergyman saw the roof of a farmer's house ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was calmly standing in the doorway:

"Hey, your house is afire!"

"What?" she bawled out.

"I say your house is afire!"

"What did y' say? I'm a little deaf."

"Your house is afire!" again yelled the clergyman at the top of his lungs.

"Oh, is that all?" calmly replied the woman.

"It's all I can think of just now," responded the clergyman in a rather weak voice as he drove on.

Mr. Gould understood—it was the first time his lack of conscience—and bad conduct, had been placed before him so vividly, he hung his head humiliated—then after a moment's silence, he looked the minister straight in the eye, and grasping his hand said:

"I thank you, I shall henceforth consider all women sacred."

"God bless you my son," said Mr. Steerwell kindly and warmly shaking his hand, "God bless you for your good resolve." And then they separated.

CHAPTER IX.

It was Saturday afternoon, one of the warmest days of the month; the hot June air was stifling. Most of the guests were indulging in a siesta.

Colonel Dampling sat in the parlor reading.

Nedia at that moment entered for her prayer book, placed on the table, which she had forgotten to take to her room after returning that morning from Sabbath service.

"Oh, Colonel, I did not expect to find you here," she said. "Why, I thought you were like the rest of our guests—indulging in an after-dinner nap."

"Well, Miss Nedia, to confess the truth, I must have dozed over this book when you entered."

"Indeed! What is the story which seemed to interest you so much?"

"Story? Miss Nedia. This work happens to be a chronicle of simple facts. It is a volume of the latest edition of American heroes upon the battlefield. It is about our 'Great Men, our Glorious Heroes.'"

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"Indeed! But, Colonel, does it also speak of our great women, our glorious heroines?"

"My dear young lady, women are not supposed to be heroic. They do not vote, they have not the strength which man has. They are not expected to go out upon the battlefield to fight for the good of their country, to conquer, so that their names may forever emblazen the heroic roll. It is to men before whom we must bow and leave these great deeds to be accomplished."

"My dear Colonel, your last remark has aroused the indomitable passion I have for lecturing. I propose to take the floor without being interrupted.

"Colonel you are posing as a Christian, as a follower of the Jew, Jesus, yet you have not been to church this morning. I am, therefore, determined that this Sabbath day shall not pass without your having listened to at least one sermon."

"Well, Miss Nedia, I am at your mercy. I submit."

"My text will be 'Hero and Hero Worship.'

"Potius Mori duam fendani: 'Death rather than dishonor.'

"Heroes and hero worship have formed the romance of history in all ages; they

have made cities monumental, enriched the years with festivities, filled literature with its choicest and most alluring material. It is wise, therefore, to ask what is true greatness? How and what must we do to make our lives truly heroic?

“Solitude is the enriching character of mental and moral growth; silence is called the Communion with God.

“In the silent study the scholar builds the foundation, stone by stone, on which will rest his future fame. In the silent watches of the night the virgin lies upon her cot, dreaming of the future. It is in this still hour of communing with heaven that the maiden is enriched with celestial thought, while listening to a whispering gallery echoing the secrets of another world. She converses with herself; she can hear the movements of those buried streams of feeling.—

“It is then, when the body grows, graces form, womanhood ripens; strong characters are nurtured and fitted to bear the stress and strain of temptation, and yet be endowed with that effeminate delicacy which may be compared with the exquisite embellishments which the sculptor chisels on the stone, as in the temples where on the top of the pillars was lily work.



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"Century after century the coral reefs are growing beneath the waves, the microscopic toilers, knowing no release; so in this marvelous mycrocosm, the human body, the work of creation and recreation, building up and pulling down, the play of vital forces, goes on ceaselessly from the cradle to the casket.

"So, oh, my sisters, beware how you build, for it is upon the rock of foundation which you lay, that the present as well as the following generations depend. Men erect statues to men of science, to statesmen, to generals; in fact to any man who, during his time, has accomplished some great deed, has proved himself a hero. This is as it should be. But why not look upon woman in the same heroic light?

"Why is it, that while publicly acknowledging the heroism of men, the mothers of great men are ignored?

"It is true that a woman remains at home, does not go forth like a man to battle, to defend his country, to be wounded, to shed his blood.

"But how about the woman who conceives the man who has become a public hero?

"At his birth did she not risk her life? Did she not shed her blood in order to contribute this noble ornament to her country—to the world?

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"Then why is it that men bestow so much praise upon the hero, whilst not one word of mention of the mother, the sculptoress, whose labor did not only consist of a day, a week, a month, or a year's work, but was the outcome of a whole lifetime of self-sacrifice — constant abnegation — in order to watch, to chisel, to bring out in bold relief, those noble traits whose perfection has rendered men wild with admiration.

"And yet it is among themselves that men invariably look for heroes. Why not look to women for those same divine traits of character? In their search, I feel positive men would find ninety out of every hundred truly heroic women.

"Of course, I do not refer to the social parasites, those frail, hot-house plants who are reared in the lap of luxury, who are devoid of feeling or sympathy toward the oppressed, who view the struggling poor people with cold, selfish, heartless indifference; who think of nothing else save the gratification of the flesh. It is not of these frail, misguided society creatures that I refer as to where true heroism really does exist, but of another—the working class—the self-supporting girl, whose rugged path is besieged with innumerable temptations during the long years

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of toil, as she goes to her work, arrives at her work, during her work, while returning from work—all the while the unrelenting tempter is ever near her, trying to fascinate her with a glowing picture of the ill-gotten luxury she could enjoy if she would only listen and consent to his vile proposals. These proposals frequently come from well-to-do, respected church members. Honorable men, so-called, who would not openly lay their hands on other people's money, but who think it great sport to steal the hearts of innocent, unsuspecting girls. How many of these honorable men would thrash the life out of the ruffian base enough to insult their daughters, and yet make very light of seeing their sons misconduct—planning and accomplishing the ruin of poor, unprotected, undesigning working girls! We often see the curse! that at times overshadows the households of the wealthy selfish, rich people, cursed through their father's transgressions—his past sinful bachelor life.

“Sometimes the tempter is in the guise of a retired merchant, or a prosperous old banker, or perhaps some wealthy old bachelor, holding a high public office who thinks that a poor struggling working girl is an easy and willing victim, easily con-

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vinced at the sight of some offered gold—and some gilded promises. But he is mistaken. She is not the frail, dependent creature that he mistook her for. On the contrary, she is the pure, strong-minded, independent girl, who in time becomes the good and loyal wife, the loving and devoted mother, and who in her turn inculcates into her offspring the precious seed of purity, strength and religion; she belongs to the great and honorable army of the world's workers.

"Hers is the fountain from which true heroism springs, and to which great nations bow.

"What a silent and sublime example of the poor working girl, who comes and goes daily to her work, earning just the bare necessities of life, and patiently waiting and trusting in God that one day some good man will ask her to be his wife, and whom in return she will be able to offer the richest dowry—her honor, her pure loving heart.

"She may not possess gold or land, but few rich men with all their money ever received such two priceless jewels in return!! What eloquent heroism does not this quiet, unassuming working girl display, who during the years of toil and want, when in the flush of youth, of life,

of ardent desire—when the greatest battle of life must be fought against the weak flesh—then it is she who becomes truly sublime, who prefers to let her youth vanish, become an old maid, rather than give or sell herself to the man she cannot really and sincerely love.

“There are thousands of heroic girls who are constantly dodging the tempter’s arrow, yet who are passionately full of life!! constantly yearning, yearning to be loved, and who turn a deaf ear upon nature’s secret longings, crush out the feelings which pulsate within them, sacrifice all youth, all pleasure, simply to live a pure, virtuous and undefiled life.

“Oh, truly blessed are those noble girls who have good sense to thus reason. How vain all outward effort to supply the soul with joy; the noontide sun is dark, and music discord, when the heart is low.”

“It is useless for thoughtless, indifferent people, to say woman’s sphere is home, and then foster the sinful bachelor; in our generation women have been forced to leave home to earn their living.

It is not much wonder that wickedness is on the increase, when we see how the so-called upper class delight to rob and overreach their fellow-men. Child labor, wife labor, and liquor, with all its

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attendant evils, are the direct offspring of our corrupt politics.

When we see thousands of men kept idle, on the verge of starvation, to support a system that takes the food out of the babies' mouths to enrich a few social parasites, it is high time for every good woman to cry out against it.

Wickedness in high place is holding up an unworthy example for our young people to follow.

The ministers are too lenient toward the wealthy sinners.

Our ministers should not only preach the Gospel, but practice it by helping the poor to better circumstances.

"In conclusion I will add that every woman with a modicum of decency should make every effort to protect her sisters from the snare and vice of corrupt politicians.

"For the complete overthrow of vicious social conditions; ballot, education and religion enable us to settle all our problems nicely.

"Women are largely responsible for men; everybody realizes the value of Mother love.

"Sex has no meaning in politics any more than in church gatherings.

"Women should vote, not because they

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are women, but because they are taxpayers, our comrades and fellow-citizens.

"Women are the largest taxpayers, and are the best citizens; they are the builders of a better future.

This is as true as all the streams go singing into the sea, women will vote. No matter what the issues are the common-sense of the American people will prevail.

"In a few years women will control the ballot, and vote for purity and honesty, giving the nation the benefit of the righteous citizen's power."

"Bravo! Bravo! My dear Miss Nedia. I pronounce your sermon beautiful, and most eloquently delivered." The Colonel's enthusiastic verdict aroused her, and with a silvery laugh, she said: "Why, Colonel, I beg your pardon, I was so sincerely carried away with my text that I had forgotten my audience."

"There is only one thing I regret, Miss Nedia; I wish that all the corrupted politicians and wicked men could have been your auditors just now, for I am convinced that the pure pearls of truth which fell from those sweet innocent lips of yours would have made them willing converts; for after all the healthy influence of a good, pure woman fills man with remorse at his own baseness.

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bear her to a remote part of the world where they could love undisturbed.

Yes, she shall know all to-night.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds,
The loving theme renew.

As Nedra entered, he greeted her with a few commonplace remarks, about the weather, the cool evening, and then almost abruptly he bluntly said:

"Miss Rafael, pardon me, I have a confession to make—but upon one condition, that you will forgive my seeming boldness."

"I never make conditions, Mr. Norton, before I am sure that I can adhere to them."

"Really, Miss Rafael, you are severe," he replied with a quizzical tone, "you once made a condition with me."

"Mr. Norton, I do not follow you. I cannot understand the condition which you allude to."

"Indeed, you shall soon follow me. Do you remember the condition you made with me at the Turkish bath when you had overslept yourself?"

"Why, Mr. Norton, I am astonished!"

"Well, dear Nedra—I must call you by

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your sweet name—I was in the adjoining room, and you heard my old bachelor friend, Colonel Tom Hollowee, speak of women in a way, which, when I stop to think of it now, only makes me blush with shame and self-contempt. However, I have lived since that day—lived where life is not tainted; lived in a simple and holy atmosphere. Lived, Nedie, near you—you, whom I passionately and deeply love; you, whom I desire and long to make my wife. Why do you not speak? Have you not a word—some encouragement?"

Nedie, pale and silent, stood waiting.

He continued: "One more confession, Nedie. My name is not Mr. Norton; I am Jack Lawson. You have no doubt read of my social position, my business interests, my wealth. Everything is yours, if I may share it with you. Oh! say something, my loved one, do not keep me thus in suspense!"

"Mr. Lawson," she said with suppressed emotion, "I will be frank with you; yes sincere, for I am not a girl to trifle with any heart, especially when that heart is offered in good faith. You know very well how I differ from the average girl; that is, some are first drawn to love through passion. That is not my way. Goodness attracts me first—then intel-

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lect; you are cultured, intellectual—I have learned that—but, while that might win some less exacting girl, it has not yet touched my heart. I must look up to a man, respect and admire him, before I could ever love him.

“You do not inspire me with that feeling; although you are older than I am; still in your ideas of life, of the world, and of personal service to humanity, your knowledge seems limited, or, rather, not yet developed. Let us be reasonable. Some day you will feel grateful to me for thus reasoning.

“In a few years you will find that which you think now is love, was only admiration, and nothing more.

“I like you, am fond of you, will do anything within reason for you. I will try to use my womanly influence so that you may look at things in a purer, nobler light—that you may become truly in heart, and thought and deed, a good man. And one day you will find a sweet pure girl, who will look up to you, admire your noble traits of character, love and adore you—she will be your wife.”

For a moment Lawson stood looking at her in silence, dazed—his face saddened, his demeanor one of dejection. “Will not that be better?” said Nedra, softly.

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"No," he replied almost fiercely, "a thousand times no! I realize with contrition that our American men are too abrupt, too time-saving, too business-like in our love making, when compared with the polished manners of European courtship, which seem so to impress our heiresses; but when we love it is with a deeper sense of responsibility—we make the most devoted, the best of husbands. I will wait," he pleaded, "I will strive, I will not yet give up the hope of winning you."

"Were you ever in love?"

"Rather a pointed question, isn't it?"

"But, not to be at all impertinent—were you?"

"You need not answer; I have no right to know, although I have lived the life of the average bachelor, I have never loved."

Nedia, startled by the sudden abrupt turn of his question, said candidly: "I have never loved—my studies and artistic ambition have kept me too busy to think of love."

"Thank God!" he said, reverently with bowed head.

There was a moment's pause, and then she turned with wistful eagerness to the handsome young man before her and added frankly: "And now I am imploring heaven, fasting for a good man's love."

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He bowed in silent prayer, and then he said: "I have never met a woman like you before, and with all my soul I love you, Nedia."

He told her in a few brief sentences the tragic life story of his parents; he related how his father in a thoughtless moment had cowardly forsaken his birthright—the Torah—in order to escape the tyrannies and unjust persecution of the Jews by an ingrate Christendom.

How his father, a Jew, had contracted a marriage with a non-Jewess, and had set up an irreligious household, thereby becoming a destructive force in the community, which mode of life he bitterly regretted until his death.

He told her of his maternal uncle's sad suicide—how the latter had with almost his last breath implored him to heed his father's dying request—to go back to the House of Israel—who were God's chosen people, and whose lives are the spiritual force among the nations for the uplifting of mankind.

Nedia sat silent, listening with eager attention, and he continued:

To summarize the whole question of the sexes, there should be for both men and women the same one clean code of morals.

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"Of course," he said sadly, "the mode of my bachelor life has been full of transgression—built up by the false standards of men.

Alas, our frailty is the cause, we have been allowed to drift, to pursue unbridled passion; we have been badly trained!

He saw her quivering lips and eager eyes raised to his:

"I know you are thinking of my past mode of living, but, oh! forgive, be charitable," he pleaded. "I want to lay aside this sinful bachelor life."

Nedia stood speechless with bowed head; the interview was most painful.

Jack Lawson knew practically nothing of his father's faith. But having met the noble Jewess Nedia, he began an earnest study of the Bible; and the latent Jewish feeling stored up by Jewish history awoke. He realized the great mission of the Jew for the spiritual uplifting of mankind.

From that time he dedicated himself to his people and humanity.

After a moment's hesitation he took her hand in his:

"Dearest," he said, with deep earnestness, "help me to become better, nobler, more worthy of you and of all that makes life worth while."

She made no reply to him, and he continued his entreaties:

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"It was fate that led me to you, darling; don't turn away from me; don't you know that I want you to love me?"

The tenderness in the tones of his voice was unmistakable, a certain air of protectorship in his whole manner thrilled her through and through.

"Don't leave me! Don't avoid me! You have taken my heart away; surely you ought to give me something in exchange?"

After a pause he said, beseechingly:

"Nedia, I need your aid. I am going to fulfil my dear father's dying request—I am going back to the 'House of Israel,' from henceforth I am Jacob Levy, the Jew, proud of his sacred inheritance!"

"God's blessings are upon you, Jacob," Nedia said with a tender sweet smile.

He pressed her hand, quivering, agitated, with a tumultuous emotion; he implored her: "Tell me I may hope, only let me hope, it is all I ask; I will go away from you for a month, six months, a year, but then I will return, and if then I can tell you that I have kept myself unsullied—can still look into your beautiful eyes and tell you that your love alone can bring me happiness, make of me a better man, that I have lived as you would have wished, in the hope of gaining your respect and your love, tell me if then I may still hope

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some day to win your heart—your promise to be my wife?"

Nedia looked him frankly in the eyes with the fearless innocence of girlish purity, and placing her hands in both of his, which seemed to him so full of promise, said: "Jacob, it shall be as you say. Come to me in a year, and if you still feel as now, I too may be able to give more than is possible to-day."

Jacob Levy bent over her, he reverently kissed the soft, white little hands.

But still reluctant to depart,
Her tiny hand he pressed;
While all the love that filled his heart
His ardent looks confessed.

"Oh!" he whispered, "my sweet love!
I am blessed beyond the common order of
men."

CHAPTER XI.

Jacob Levy, after having left Nedra with the assured hope that perhaps after a year's lapse of travel, in order to let his thoughts develop, that he may be able to see things in a nobler, broader, more beautiful light, as Nedra had advised, and then if he still loved her with the same deep desire of making her his wife, she had promised to listen to his pleadings.

"Love her," he mused, "why time will only endear her more and more. Yes, I will go to Paris, spend a few months in France, then to Germany, visit my dear father's old home in Berlin, and plant a few blossoms on my grandparents' grave.

"I will begin an earnest, prayerful study of the Bible. I will journey to the Holy Land, to Jerusalem.

"I will take up the study of the Talmud Torah, to become a worthy son in Israel, and succor those who need uplifting. I will make my wealth a great power for the good of all mankind. It is the voice of God that calls me to fulfill my mission. Yes, God, for who could doubt His exist-

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ence when one has lived in the holy atmosphere which invests my lovely Nedia."

After having settled his business affairs so that he could absent himself for a length of time, he bid good-bye to a few of his friends, saying he was going abroad to perfect himself in that which had become his dream, to be a noble son in Israel, to spread peace and good-will to all and promulgate universal brotherly love.

The evening before Jacob's departure for Paris, he called upon Nedia, and told her of his determination, while in Europe, to visit his father's birthplace, to make a prayerful study of the Bible, and his intended trip to Palestine, so that later in their travel through life they should be able together to alleviate suffering and scatter the love seeds of gladness and light.

He took her in his strong, manly arms. He held her fast—heart beating against heart, their eyes met, aglow with revelation. Love's vibrations thrilled from soul to soul, absorbing each other's thoughts; there was a brief silence—their spirits communed. Then, as if to break the magic spell, she gently disengaged herself with averted eye and suffused blushes from his loving embrace.

Again he drew her to him. There was

an intense passion of love in his handsome face. He said fervently:

"Let me be your champion—your protector. Darling, you have given me your love, give me also the right of a husband to shield you from all care, to provide for you during my absence."

She had drawn back, much agitated. She looked into the depth of his eyes and said with great tenderness:

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

He knelt at her feet kissing the hem of her gown. She rested one hand on his head in silent prayer—then she drew from her bosom a short, slender chain to which was attached a little gold heart, and upon which was inscribed on one side the word "Shadia," and upon the other her own name, "Nedia."

"Take this, Jacob," she said with deep emotion, "my darling mother gave it to me when I first was sent abroad to school. She said the word God would guard me against all harm, temptation and danger. It has ever been as she said. I give it to you that you may judge how implicitly I believe in you—trust in you. Wear it, and when you are in distant lands, among strangers, remember the true heart that has placed its faith in you."

If, after a lapse of time, the weeds of society shall have disappeared from your nature, and after you have enriched your soul with Israel's sacred heritage, you can sincerely offer a holy shrine wherein my heart can find its soul-mate, then come home, bring this little golden heart back to me, that we both may own it—as one.”

He was too happy for utterance. Pressing his lips upon her pure white brow in holy reverence, and then sealing her tender, sweet mouth with a long, lingering kiss, he abruptly said:

“God bless you, my treasure, and guard you until I return.”

“Mizpah,” she replied: “May the Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from the other.”

Then he hastily took his leave with her parting words ringing in his ear: “*i Dio ti Benedisco, a riverderci.*”

CHAPTER XII.

"The Sun is the eye of Day;
Yet his light conceals
The light of a thousand suns, which
Night reveals."

At last they were alone! In a magnificently furnished white and gold room, on a purple silken draped couch, Nedra lay motionless, in abandoned repose—statue-like, her exquisite slender figure gleamed through the scant, filmy white gauze that veiled her beautiful form.

Jack Lawson gazed on her, in deep soulful stillness; he stood entranced.

"A kiss," he whispered, "is the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." He bent over and ardently kissed her sweet mouth—determined to awaken her; with a delicious joy his lips caressed every inch of her fair form. A tremor coursed through her. Ah! the zephyrs trembled with the fragrant incense of his burning kisses.

Then softly, ever so softly, the sadly sweet strains of the "Traumerei" of Schumann were heard. She listened; a curious change came over her; she was moved with concord of sweet sounds; her eyes

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opened, and brightened; she smiled and seemed pleased; the music died away, she lay stone still—dreaming.

He stood passionately gazing at her, and murmured:

“Music, sweet food of love, play on.”

And then once more the exquisite melody of the glorious Berceuse by Jocelyn floated about her. She sat up, her eye glistened; gripping his arms, she felt his warm breath on her cheeks, thrilling with strange, subtle, insidious pleasure at the sense of his touch. “Oh! it’s beautiful, beautiful,” she whispered to him.

“Grant me leave,” he pleaded, with fond glances. “I will enchant thy soul! He gathered her to his bosom, and pressed kiss after kiss upon her sweet face; she averted her eye. The soft blushes stole to her tell-tale cheek; she was filled with deep longings; the passions beat like mighty billows on her helpless heart; love-waves surged over her as she mutely gazed upon his handsome face and manly form.

“Listen,” he softly said: “When Love speaks, the voice of all Nature thrills with love’s harmony; sweet maid, give thyself to me!”

Against her will she was wildly happy. O, but with all the force she could muster

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she repulsed him, as he yearningly leaned over her—because she knew that what he asked was not right.

Again sweet music was faintly heard.

“Give me thy lips,” he sighed; “let us taste of heaven’s bliss.”

But, she murmured hesitatingly, as if again shrinking from him: “I fear.”

“Have no fear,” he urged. “Seek not to quench the fire of love.” He clasped his strong arms and held her close to his throbbing heart—she felt his trembling form—the sweetness of his kisses—she was filled with ardent desire.

“Yet, do I fear thy nature,” she said. “It is too full of passion’s glow!”

He experienced an intoxication of joy at her naive admission, and answered tenderly: “Love, sweet Nedra, is the most beautiful thing in the world! All the other passions fleet to air, when love is near; fear not; abandon thy sweet self—do not resist me, and thou shalt soon know the joys and realities of earthly bliss.”

“’Tis now the very witching time of night,
Let’s make the coming hour o’erflow with joy—
And pleasure drown the brim.”

“Ah!” he whispered pleadingly:

“Dearest, do not resist me”—he

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fervently embraced her again and again, with convulsive, rapturous kisses.

He murmured:

“‘One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.’

“Let me initiate thee into the mysteries of love.” A deep sigh escaped her.

The warm, impassioned tide swept through her throbbing heart; passion’s waves encircled her—she was so happy, though frightened.

“Thou art mine,” he said with a low cry of joy; “thou hast come unto me!”

He sealed her trembling lips with a burning, lingering kiss—and, she was baptized!

And now it was morning, awakened, she was alone; she lay motionless, thinking—her pulses fluttered. Her whole being was aglow, moved by the concord of sweet sounds.

She listened to the love song in her soul; what glimpses of heaven, what visions of radiant love had been hers.

But now this rapturous experience was ended. The lovely dream had vanished. But, the delightful sensation remained!!

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on,
And our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

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The next day Nédia jotted down in her diary her entrancing definition of a kiss.

"Beware of indiscriminate kissing," she wrote, "for nothing has more of heaven's bliss or the fire of hell in it than the kiss of a lover.

A kiss moves toward the heart, awakening its greatest human impulses, for weal or woe; moving the world to the zenith of good action or the level of ignoble conduct.

A kiss is too holy to be trifled with, and a violation of the laws regarding it has ruined more hearts and homes, and brought more sorrow into this world than any other sin. Our young people are trained to a kind of familiarity which belongs to husband and wife. A kiss is the sweet token of love—magnetic and thrilling. The true kiss is the pathway to Arcadia, where heaven's bliss is realized.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Dear Nedie, we wish to let you into a secret; promise us that you will never, never tell."

The speaker was a pretty blonde, about seventeen, Blanche Martin, and her sister Marguerite, two years her senior, the latter was holding a bouncing, beautiful boy, who had not reached the anniversary of his first year, and who might have posed for one of Raphael's cherubs—a dream in pink and white—their nephew. He was the only child of their eldest sister, Mamie—the first grandchild in the family, so, much to his displeasure, he did nothing but feed upon sweet kisses and sit in adoring maidens' laps.

There was only one drawback to the young aunts' happiness. They were strict Catholics, and their nephew, Herbert, was a Protestant—at least his father, Jule, had willed it so, and he had often declared to his wife, who was a Catholic, that, rather than have Herbert baptized in her faith, he would separate from her. She idolized her husband, and, as that was the only point upon which they differed, she

humored him. But the young aunts took a different view, and decided to outwit their brother-in-law.

"Promise us, dearie, that you will never breathe a word if we confide in you."

"Now, Blanche, you know how sacredly sepulchered anything you might tell me would be; but, since you doubt even my constancy in keeping a secret, I much prefer you would not tell me."

"Nedia, how can you for a moment think that we could ever doubt you, sweet girl? No, our faith in you is absolute. We said we were going to take Herbert for a walk, so no one at home suspects."

"I do not understand you, Blanche, suspects what?"

"Why, have Herbert become a Catholic. We have consulted our priest, Father O'Donnell, and he advised us to bring the child and have him baptized. Marguerite and I wanted you to be his god-mother, for you are such a sweet little saint."

"Take care, girls, I am not infallible, and the saints you know are. Besides, you forget that I am a Jewess, and Father O'Donnell would not accept my proffered services. Although the Virgin Mary, enthroned in your church, was a Jewess, and her son, Jesus, was born and died a Jew."

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"That's so; we had never given that fact any thought! But, dearie, now that you know all, you must come with us, for we want you to share our secret."

"But you forget, girls, it is wrong to deceive—and the father of the child ought to be consulted."

"Not for worlds," Blanche hastily replied, "besides, everything has already been arranged; so do come with us."

"Well, girls, since you desire it, I will accompany you."

It was about eleven o'clock when they arrived at the beautiful parochial residence of the Catholic church of Our Mother of Sorrows, and asked to see Father O'Donnell. After waiting for a few moments in the reception room, the Reverend Father appeared. He was a man of about forty years of age, just above medium height, rather stout, yet well built, with clear, penetrating blue eyes, an aquiline nose, prominent chin, a very firm, strong mouth, and his head was crowned with iron gray hair. He was strikingly handsome. His manner, as he greeted the young ladies, was paternal, bright and easy. Yet withal the dignified priest. He had known the Martin family many years—had been their confessor ever since they could remember. He knew the

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object of their present visit, and, caressing the baby, asked if its mother, Mamie, was well; and, discussing other little unimportant matters, while his eyes rested upon Nedie. Here Blanche introduced Miss Rafael to the Reverend Father, at the same time expressing the regret that she could not stand as god-mother, since she was a Jewess, to which he smilingly replied, while turning to Marguerite: "I dare say we will find some one willing to assume the responsibility of watching over this future great American citizen."

He rose, rang the bell, which was answered by a servant, to whom he—in a low voice—gave some orders, and then resumed his seat.

"Are you an American?" he asked, turning to Nedie.

"Yes, Reverend Father; I don't know why it is, but some people always mistake me for a foreigner. I assure you I do not consider it a compliment, for I am exceedingly proud of the land of my birth."

"You have been abroad then, for you have the style and chic of the Parisian, and you speak with a decided French accent?"

"Oh, yes, I spent several years at school in Paris, and in Italy."

"What, you have been in France, and in Italy. You have seen Rome, with its grandeur, its miracles; Rome, the magnetic pole of our moral sensibilities, the magnet that draws all the different creeds quivering towards it, the throne where the whole Catholic world is centered in all its glory. You have seen all this, and you did not fall down upon your knees and worship, did not become converted to our teachings, wherein are the only salvation?"

"I admit, Father, I was a little neglectful upon that point. You see, I have always been taught to consider myself so good and pure that, although I fervently admire the good in all religions, I do not consider it necessary to abandon the beautiful teachings of the divine Ten Commandments, and the Sermon on the Mount—given to the world by the sons of God's chosen people—the Jews."

"Really, Miss Rafuel, I should consider it the crowning point of my life if you would give me an opportunity to attempt to convert you. You are so young, so highly intellectual, I am positive that if you will not be obstinate, at least in listening to my arguments, I feel convinced that you would in time become one of our most enthusiastic converts.

Are your parents living? Do you reside at home?"

To which Nedra quietly replied: "No, my relatives have gone beyond. I am left here alone, and what's more," here she hesitated, as she smilingly thought, now I will shock him, "I am an actress."

Father O'Donnell laughed heartily, as he boldly asserted that he greatly admired some actresses.

It was Nedra's turn to be shocked to hear this Reverend Father express his admiration for actresses so openly before the two Catholic girls, whom she had accompanied.

At this juncture a young priest entered who was to act as god-father, announcing that all was in readiness.

Father O'Donnell led the way, and was all attention to Nedra in pointing out the different and sacred objects d'art. They soon reached the Sacristy, where the baby was duly baptized.

When they were about to depart, the Reverend Father earnestly asked to be permitted to call upon Miss Rafael in order to make the attempted conversion.

As Nedra always greatly enjoyed the conversation of intellectual men, she gracefully consented.

"Well, Nedra, how do you like our

Father O'Donnell," Blanche asked, as soon as they were once more in the street.

"Oh, very well; I think he is a good, bright man," and here she added, "only a little too eager to convert people."

"You are right, Nedia; he is a staunch Catholic, and one of the best men that ever trod this earth. As to conversion, you see you have so much magnetism that you would be a precious acquisition to our church."

"Now, Blanche, I think you are already in league with the Reverend Father to try to convert me before I reach home," Nedia said laughingly, "but I warn you, it is a waste of time," and then she added earnestly, "The Christian church has received its greatest gifts—its all—from Judaism, and in return has persistently, cruelly, and unjustly persecuted its benefactors—the Jews; before Christendom can boast of its christian character, it must first practice the precepts of its founder—the lowly-born Nazarene Jew, Jesus, who taught peace and goodwill to all!" "Love ye one another."

They had by this time reached their abode, and after Nedia's promising to guard baby's secret, and bestowing several kisses upon the dear cherub's face, she left them.

CHAPTER XIV.

Several weeks had passed since Jacob Levy had sailed for Paris, when Blanche Martin prevailed upon Nedra to witness her little nephew Herbert's baptismal. That day, after they had left the church, and Nedra was about to leave them, Blanche asked her how she liked Father O'Donnell, to which she cautiously replied, that she thought that he was a very bright, good man. She took especial care, however, to lay particular stress on the adjective bright, for inwardly she did not feel convinced of his goodness. No, it is not the robe that makes the priest, she silently mused, he has the weakness of his sex—and bad training of the bachelor—posing as a celibate—his mortal nature must be satisfied! he is only human!!

Then another thought flashed through her mind—she suddenly grew pale and trembled as she silently inquired: "Should I ever mistrust or misjudge my darling Jacob, during his travels amid scenes of temptation?" "No," she said aloud, frightened at the harsh ring of her own voice, as if in stern reproach for having,

even for a moment, doubted the man to whom she had given her heart. Drawing upon her wonderful imagination, she felt herself once more, as in her dream, in his strong arms—his heart throbbing against hers, she looked up into his handsome face—she felt his ardent kisses—burning lava seemed to course through her veins—the hot fluid scorched her parched lips as she held them up to his. Wildly clasping the imaginative form, as if to atone for the cold maidenly reserve she had always maintained while in the presence of the man who had stolen into her heart, she continued: “No, dearest, I will never mistrust you, never misjudge you. You have won my heart, therefore, I will have faith in you—yes; always, always, love you.”

CHAPTER XV.

Jacob Levy wrote to Nedra upon his arrival in France: Paris is a beautiful, yes, magnificent city, full of historical associations, with its broad boulevards, its architecture, its celebrated museums filled with paintings by the best masters, statuary by the first artists, cabinets of minerals of almost priceless value, Egyptian antiquities, immense libraries with most rare and costly curiosities are all full of objects of interest to the visitor; but, alas, it lacks spiritual health!

The French ladies are very chic and fascinating, and are fond of admiration. "Fear nothing for me; I have not suffered in health,—I am not tempted! But, a sincere regret—a void in my life which I feel a hundred times a day—because, sweetheart, you are not near me. And, yet, dearest, last night I dreamt of you—we were together—all in all to each other. . . . Some day I will explain more fully! I shall patiently await your summons.

A few weeks later he wrote:

On the continent the churches advertise

and exhibit relics? In Cologne, I purchased—as every one does or should do—some veritable “Eau de Cologne,” which you will receive by the next boat.

I visited the Cathedral with a party of Americans. We saw the skulls of ten thousand virgins—that is, we saw some skulls. The attendant showed us a small cracked jar, carefully enclosed in a case, lined with crimson velvet, and told us that was one of the jars the Saviour filled with wine at the marriage of Cana; some of the tourists turned away, and he said, with a shrug, “Americans—hah! not moosh like relique.”

This “relic” reminds me of the sword that was exhibited as Balaam’s sword, with which he slew the ass.

One of the spectators said:

“But Balaam did not have a sword; he only wished one.”

“Ah!” cried the showman, “this is the sword he wished for.”

I trust the next time I visit Europe I will have you, dear, precious heart, with me—then we will see the continent together.

I leave for Berlin, and will write you upon my arrival.

CHAPTER XVI.

To conquer the world is nobler than to shun it!

There is a time—a crisis—which comes to disturb the daily routine of all things. The most secure structures are swept away by invulnerable flames, whole cities are demolished by cyclones, mountains disappear—are swallowed up by earthquakes—and so a change comes in every one's life. Whether it is to better one's condition or not depends wholly upon circumstances, over which we have not always control.

So it was with Father O'Donnell, when he was first introduced to Nedra. He saw, as Belshazzar had seen upon the wall, the awful warning. He felt she would influence his future—that she had the power to make of him a godly man.

There are certain subtle electrical currents sheathed in human flesh that link us sometimes with the agitated reservoirs, trembling in the bosom with one whom we meet for the first time. At the first glance a flash of magnetism, and the heart strings are connected.

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Father O'Donnell was an only child, he came from a highly-connected Catholic family; his parents possessed great wealth, his mother was a Miss Parnell, she had always been rather delicate, her son was a posthumous child, which sadly impaired her health and she soon passed away.

At four years of age, he sustained the irreparable loss of his mother; he was an orphan and was placed by the few surviving relatives in a Catholic school.

As he grew to manhood, he studied for the priesthood; and in due time he took orders and was ordained.

And now, at twenty-five years of age, Father O'Donnell belonged to the church. He was naturally impetuous, ardent, loving. A nature like his was destined to be at constant war with his inward self. When he first entered the priesthood he was like most enthusiastic young priests—over confident in their own power of will to crush and annihilate the longings of the flesh.—But, alas for human weakness, we may delay for weeks, months, perhaps for years, but there comes a time when nature, in all its fury, asserts itself, grapples with its suppressor, defies its dictator, and then an awful climax occurs within the victim's bosom,

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and he who has been strong for so long a time yields to weakness—in order to regain his primitive strength!!! Father O'Donnell, for several years pursued his calling of a priest, gaining constant admiration from strangers, and dearly beloved by his followers. When he preached, the ladies of his wealthy congregation contributed largely for they fairly worshipped him. Father O'Donnell had a lofty mind, and would continually thirst after divine truths. He would sit awake at night reading the lives of the ancient dictators of theology—the great philosophers—the careers of all great and good men whose wisdom cannot be doubted, even in this progressive age. And now, in the full flush of suppressed manhood, with the exquisite treasures of deep learning in his mind—his being ready to vibrate at some new discovered truth, some new evidence to which he could attach himself, so as to save him from the precipice he was nearing, it was an awful conflict which was raging within his bosom, for a terrible doubt had crept into his reasonings. In thinking deeply over the matter, it appeared to him that “the traditions of the elders,” had done in regard to the errors to church practices, *i. e.*, following the lead of the early church

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men of the thick darkness of the third and fourth centuries, and accepting blindly all the opinions of these ancient commentators, so have our professors and our ministers (of all evangelical denominations) trained their students and the church membership to accept implicitly the sayings and doings of those, whom men are pleased to call the "Fathers of the church," notwithstanding that it was impossible that these good men could, in the comparative darkness of those days, understand the prophecies, as can equally good and learned men in these days of science and discovery, when prophecy, especially during the last century, has so largely developed into history.

The hundreds of superstitions, lies, shams, humbugs, so-called traditions and pretenses that pass current as Greek and Roman orthodoxy, have no vital part of Jesus' Christianity, and yet pose as divine truth.

It cannot be denied that many interpretations of Scripture, accepted and trusted in by our honored ancestors have in the light of the present day been found erroneous, and the very complicated, confusing system universally adopted (of Jesus' simple teachings), by these ancient commentators, and as universally fol-

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lowed by most of our ministers of spiritualizing everything which did not (from their defective knowledge of God's word, as compared with His works of providence as seen in His history), appear plain to them, has likewise tended to darken the understanding of not a few, who, unable, or unwilling, or both, to search their conscience—and prove things for themselves, are content blindly to follow wither so ever these good men weighted down with errors of the dim past, may lead, caring nothing that "doctors differ" in theology as well as medicine, and that the earth for a time covers both their mistakes.

It occurred to Father O'Donnell one night, after having read for the hundredth time the life of Peter Abelard, one of the most brilliant and interesting men whom the Middle Ages produced, a man who revolutionized theosophy, philosophy, literature. Let us imagine in a single man the first orator, the first philosopher, the first poet, the first musician of the age, Cicero, Plato, Petrarch, Schubert, all united in one living celebrity. So popular was Peter Abelard that students came from Germany and Italy and England to hear his lectures. The number of his pupils, it is said, was more than five

thousand, and these included the brightest intellects of the age, among whom one was destined to be a Pope (the great Innocent III), nineteen to be Cardinals, and one hundred to be Bishops. What a proud position for a young man. What an astonishing success for that age, and yet, he who trained men's minds, with their lofty and ambitious theories, he, who seemed so strong to lead them all, fell weak and helpless at the feet of the lovely Heloise.—At the thought of that sublime passion, which united Peter Abelard and the beautiful Abbess of the Paraclete convent, there arose in Father O'Donnell a perfect hurricane of protests. He descended into the catacombs of his heart—there he found an awful cavity yearning to be filled.—He began to bemoan his own helplessness for being a slave to certain rules in his religion, which, after all, were only dictated by men long before the march of Progress had begun. True, his religion called for sacrifice, but it was only religion who exacted such—not God. He is too magnanimous to desire suicide of the senses—by an unnatural hand, which tries to numb, uproot, that which God has meant to be otherwise. God made me, a man in the full sense, why should I go against nature?

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What would prevent me from worshipping my Maker if I were allowed to bind myself to a noble woman like Heloise, who would prove a sacred antidote against the weeds which constantly spring up in my inward self? She would encourage me, help me to live a clean, natural life. As I am now I am constantly sinning in thought—that thought which one can hide from the outer world through the mask of hypocrisy. These one night, were the awful musings of Father O'Donnell. His flesh warred against his determination, against his vows, and one day, after many conflicts, after seeing the degradation of sinning in thought—Father O'Donnell went out and did as other men do! He became acquainted with the White Slave system—he accepted a recognized commodity—which cruelly debauches and pollutes the women of the land.

CHAPTER XVII.

A religious bigot is generally bitter, and when in power persecutes others, who differ from him in opinion;—

He who will not reason is a bigot;
He who cannot is a fool;
He who dares not is a slave.

A dozen years had passed since Father O'Donnell had followed the bachelor's road. He was not less attentive to his ecclesiastical duties; on the contrary, he devoted his spare time with more benign charity to the poor in the different parts of the city. If he accepted an invitation to dine, or spend a soiree at the luxurious home of one of the members of his congregation—which was quite often—he did so with the purpose of getting one of his rich penitents enlisted in his charitable work, and they always cheerfully and largely contributed. So the poor benefited through his tireless efforts.

He had seen so much of corruption in society, so much subterfuge in the cavity of vice—that he had time and again threatened to withhold his absolution, and

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which was finally granted at the expense of tears, renewed good intentions, and a round sum of money for the poor.

Women rule the men, but the priests rule the women.

The years rolled on, and yet his suffering heart still yearned. Recklessness and depravity had no charm for him. He craved for something pure, sanctified, and that he could not hope to find on the road where he sometimes followed the bachelor.

Every man, in the secret chamber of his heart, cherishes an ideal—and so it was with Father O'Donnell. When he was introduced to Nedra, he felt that he had for the first time seen his affinity. He then silently vowed to woo and win her—and make her his modern Heloise.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Nedia had that day been summoned by telegram to the office of the well-known theatrical speculator, manager Claw-man, he had sent her several weeks prior, the Mss. of a play, for her perusal, with the request that if she were favorably impressed with the leading character—she would be given an opportunity to act the star part.

And now as she arrived with the Mss. play the manager's secretary greeted her most affably, and confided to her the fact, that a multi-millionaire was anxious to finance, on a lavish scale, the production which would cost about fifty thousand dollars to stage; that regardless of the vast expenditure, money was no object; it was all arranged on condition that she would act the star part, and then he ushered her through a private entrance into the manager's office. The latter smilingly welcomed her and asked her to be seated.

Nedia handed him the Mss. and told him that she had been very favorably impressed with the perusal of the play, as it contained a strong plot, and that she

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felt sure, that, judging from her past efforts on the stage, she would personally create a great artistic success in the leading character.

After a few more details in regard to the large salary she was to receive weekly, the manager arose, put his arms about her waist and tried to kiss her—she angrily repulsed him, at which his coarse, vulgar, fat face took on a threatening air, as he said:

"See here, 'girlie,' this won't do, you know the condition of your theatrical opportunity."

"Well, what is the condition?" she asked, with suppressed indignation.

"That you bind yourself to me for a number of years"—he told her plainly—"and become the friend of the man who is willing to finance the production, regardless of the cost."

"Never!" she exclaimed with anger, as she sought to leave, but he barred the way.

"Listen," he said, "don't be hot-headed. You are young and pretty, you are chuck-full of talent—you have received an extraordinary education, but, you need a manager to place you properly before the public.

"I can boom and star you as the greatest

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English speaking actress, so that your income will amount to about one hundred thousand dollars annually.

"Reggie Rock-Vander is a millionaire bachelor, he admires you, and is willing to lavish all kinds of money upon you. Don't be foolish and throw away this golden opportunity! Perhaps in time, with your cleverness, you may be able to inveigle him into marrying you—then you will be the mistress of millions!!

"What chance has virtue and talent, compared with money now-a-days? Nothing!"

And then he continued earnestly: "Look about you, and see, everywhere, in the financial world, in society, in the church, it is money, money, that is enthroned—splendid edifices, and showy temples are built, and maintained—while virtuous, poor people die in our midst by the thousands, through lack of food—that is why women sell themselves!"

The leaders of the community worship mammon, the golden calf! Virtue and talent, if you have no money to back them up—count for naught!!

Look about everywhere, and see, to whom the respectable people, the ministers and the clergy are eager to do homage—to extend the glad hand, and the warm

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welcome—why to the woman who has the money.

You go to these same respectable people, as a poor, though virtuous and talented young lady who needs a helping hand—and they will give you the stereotyped, old answer—they are too busy with their own affairs—they will be the first to give you the cold shoulder!

Don't be foolish, he urged, and refuse our proposition—you come with us and you will have ease, luxury, wealth, power; with a big bank account to your credit. The clergymen and all the respectable people will gladly cringe at your feet and obey your every command.

I was attracted to you five years ago, the first time I saw you act. I have kept my managerial eye on you ever since; but, your virtue delayed your success!

And now I want to place you in the front rank, where you belong—with your extraordinary talent, education and beauty. You can be the leading actress on the English-speaking stage—the American Sarah Bernhardt—you know the conditions—I head the managerial system—and I know that no manager will give you the slightest opportunity to act at any of the theatres which he controls, unless, you accept his conditions!

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"I do not believe you," she said, in a dry, husky voice. She had silently listened to him, with suppressed agitation, but now, she answered with defiance—as she reiterated with tragic tones:

"I do not believe you, there surely must be some theatrical managers who are good, honest men."

"Then go, and seek them," he said, as he stepped pompously aside and frigidly bowed her out.

Her scorn and indignation burned in her face and with a look of contempt she left him.

As Manager Claw-man stood watching her retreating figure, he grimly concluded with a sardonic smile, "Ah! my proud, virtuous beauty, I will humiliate you—I will bow your chastity in the dust for defying me—you shall yet come to me on your bended knees, and with tears in your beautiful eyes, sue for my terms, and favor.

As for Rock-Vander, well I will introduce him to a dozen prettier girls, he shall own a harem—for money, money overrides and rules everything!

Nedia fled silently from his presence, and soon reached her abode. Pale, weary and heartsore, she flung herself upon the bed and had a good, long cry.

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As on some lonely mountain top,
The sparrow tells her moan.

She was filled with indignation at the cold proposition he had made to her—the price he had named for her artistic dream to be realized—to become the leading American actress. But deep down in her heart, she could not really feel angry with him, since he had stated, so clearly, and frankly, the true, plain facts of the indifference of the public—in regard to the non-moral character of the men who ruled the stage to-day.

His cynical summing up of the case against the respectable people, including the ministers and the clergy, who all worshipped money—how the pulpit was supported and silenced by the wealthy pew-holders, who flagrantly robbed the people of their property—holdings of their lands of their food—of their rights, and then gave tithes of the proceeds of their thievery to the church, to silence the voice of conscience—kept ringing in her ears!

This coarse, unlettered, vulgar, non-moral man—who was to-day enthroned as the dictator in the theatrical world, and who swayed the destinies of thousands of good, virtuous, struggling young women—had clearly stated the

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cruel, cold facts—that virtue versus money had no chance to exist in present-day conditions.

Everywhere is to be seen the glaring example of the greed of the hoggish rich; some of the poor are starved and degraded into crime. The rich who starve them are degraded by cruel selfishness.

The age is a dollar age, a give-me-wealth-and-luxury-and-give-it-to-me-quick age, no matter at what cost.

The people are money mad—while their bachelor sons go unmolested about debauching and polluting the women of the land.

Something must be done—she said, grief stricken, to arouse public opinion. Some heroic effort must be made to stamp out vice and crime.

“Lord I give myself to thee,
’Tis all that I can do.”

Nedia was now suffering from “Weltschmerz,” she would listen to no voice which would call her away from the straight path. Everything that happened to her or to anyone else made the deepest impression on her. She felt everything—not with the morbid, personal sensitive of the unreasoning age, but with a keen

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sensitiveness that unselfishly feels the sorrows of all the world; she would stay awake at night thinking about the awful abuses of sweatshops and child labor. Of the terrible insults in all walks of life—the cruel wrongs perpetrated against unprotected, friendless girls, enslaved by men—some occupying high public official positions—so-called bachelors, sowing their wild oats, flaunting their vice unmolested in the face of pulpit and legislatures—besmirching the soul and sacrificing the innocent victims on the altar of lust.

Although young and full of the love of life, Nedra, at such times, was sad and bowed down with the cares and misery inflicted upon the oppressed poor.

She was indignant against the wrong that men do—the principles of stupidity, greed and selfishness, which manifest themselves in society—where men revel in the “white slave” desolation in continual conflict with righteousness, love, and spiritual illumination.

The sinful bachelor commits a crime against every good woman and against the virtue which makes them good.

“Why,” she asked herself, “should the bachelor, posing as a celibate, be allowed to continue his vampire devastation

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unmolested? Why? God is no respecter of persons. Sin is sin."

Ah! Nedra mused, if the so-called respectable people of the community would only throw off the mask of cant, and do something to save the youth from moral deterioration.

It is not enough for one to say, "society is wrong," and then go no further. If one goes so far as to condemn society, that person takes upon himself or herself the responsibility of showing society where it is wrong; if society is not all you would have it, don't stand outside and criticise, but get in and work to make it what you think it should be. The average church-going man or woman, who prays for his or her individual salvation (while the rest of his brethren can go to perdition), is too selfish, perhaps too refined, too respectable to get out and help abolish evil.

The social outcast is the unfortunate victim of a selfish and thoughtless order of society.

Everywhere the bachelor, while pursuing a career of profligacy—is received, accepted in respectable families—welcomed, entertained and flattered in the best of homes, while his innocent victims are made social outcasts.

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Society is not ignorant of the vile conduct of its bachelors.

How much does society owe to its own dignity, and how much does it owe to those unborn, innocent (lust) victims that have broken no law?

The law says: "You must not destroy." The single man pushes aside the laws and commits a crime against law and goodness.

A man's sex is considered a good and sufficient excuse for debauching pure womanhood; with all its attendant misery and sorrow that flows out of this great falsehood. As a matter of fact, what possible reason is there for condoning those social outrages in a man, which would put a woman at once and forever beyond the pale of decency.

The sooner the criminal authorities take action in such matters the better it will be for the community.

There seems to be few young men nowadays who care to assume the responsibilities of married life until they are in the financial position usually associated with middle age.

What ought society to do to keep men from defiling themselves and others?

Why to encourage and help financially, and in every possible way assist men and

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women to contract early and honorable marriage—the importance of which cannot be exaggerated—to enable the youth to live clean, sanctified lives, and build up noble character together.

Let us strip off all the shams of our social life and substitute the eternal verities. The sins of the parents must over shadow their children; there are many people who continually want to fight the devil that is loose and abroad, instead of banishing him from their family altar. First, see to it that your bachelor sons contract an early, honorable marriage, to enable them to lead a clean, decent life, full of God and good deeds.

Hundreds of good intentioned people all over the country are wondering what they can do to really help the world along.

Many of these save their spare pennies—their “Peter’s pence,” for the “Vatican” and “foreign mission,” and feel they are “serving God.”

But God’s purposes would be better carried out if we first eliminated the white slave traffic—the infanticides—the soul murderers—the sinful bachelors from our own land before trying to teach religion to other countries.

Some respectable people sit tamely down and are so fearfully cautious—that they

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do not attempt to climb the ladder of good work, because forsooth, they are afraid of getting a hard fall.

What we apparently do for others good or bad, we do actually to ourselves. It is only a question of time when we are bound to feel the effects of it.

The plain fact is God placed us here to better the condition of life, to make men happier and more useful.

Why do the clergymen and the priests of the churches feign to ignore and neglect to protest against the infamous conduct of the bachelors, who pose as celibates—while debauching the women of the land? Why do not the respectable people, the lovers of civic righteousness, make a crusade against the unnatural, vile condition, of old bachelors, and old spinsters, disfiguring our home life, which is a blot upon civilization.

The bachelor over twenty-five years of age, pollutes and murders human souls!

How oft the sight of means to do ill-deeds
Makes deeds ill-done!

“Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.” For in truth no bachelor knows the full meaning of his sinful acts, which must invariably reflect

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deadly injury upon himself—"before God, in whose presence we shall stand at last."

Something must be done, she said, half audibly, as if addressing someone, "To force the question upon society, of the bachelor's vile conduct, that will compel attention to abolish the iniquity and promote the general welfare.

She sat for several hours with bowed head in silent prayer:

"O God, my help in ages past,
My hopes for years to come;
My shelter from the stormy blast,
And my eternal home."

A beautiful ray of light streamed in from the moon's beam through the open window as she sat there.

And, then, a clear cut, concise thought entered her mind—to make an earnest crusade against the general moral deterioration, against the glaring social injustice—against the inhuman, hideous white slave traffic, the unnatural practices—the bastardized infanticides, and the foundlings; the ravages wrought by the sinful bachelor—and sanctioned by the false standards of men.

To educate public sentiment—to bring about the awakening of the human con-

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science—and let in the clear light of truth and love.

To bend every endeavor toward the suppression of an appalling evil!

To make an earnest effort to be shared by the nations of the earth; to strike at the root of the terrible cancerous growth and cut it out from the body of mankind.

To agree in the cause of righteousness upon the total abolition of the sinful bachelor.

Through grace I am determined to conquer!

As this fundamental thought and determination to write a book, that would compel attention—do some real good in the world; with its central idea to banish the sinful bachelor from the hearths of men, took a definite hold upon Nedie's soul, she paused, breathless and awed—as she saw down the vista of time!

O what glorious company,
When saints and angels meet.

A new era of human understanding, all encompassing sympathy and ever present help—the era of perfect love, of peace passing understanding.

There seemed to be a wondrous, ever-

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permeating light, the glory of which cannot be described in human words—the light of the new-born hope and sympathy blazing.

She saw the source of light was born of unselfish human endeavor, immortal purpose of countless thousands of clean-hearted, clean-minded men and women, robed in righteousness—walking joyously together (in the garden of love), in the glorious realm of truth.

At sight of the beautiful vision—Nedia placed her hand over her trembling heart, half faint, overwhelmed at the herculean, self-imposed task! She said:

“I am merely a poor, weak woman; still, I am the servant of God. Unworthy as I am, I will do His bidding.”

“The Lord is our help and our shield.”
She murmured, softly:

Just as Thou wilt; lead on!
Although I know not when,
Sweet day will dawn again.
Father, I will wait Thy will; lead on.

For I am as a child, and know not how to tread the starless path whose windings now lie hid from mortal ken.

And then she remembered having read years ago, the beautiful story of a child

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finding a little leak in the dike that shuts off the sea from Holland, and stopping it with his hand till help could come, staying there all night, holding back the floods with his little hand.

It was a but a tiny, trickling stream that he held back; yet if he had not done it, it would soon have become a torrent, and before morning the sea would have swept overland, submerging fields, homes and cities.

Between the sea and all this devastation there was but a boy's hand. Had the child failed, the floods would have rolled in with their remorseless ruin. Nedia understood how important it was that that boy should be faithful to his duty, since he was the only one God had that night to save Holland.

But, do you know that your failure in your lowly place and duty may not let in a sea of disaster which shall sweep away human hopes, and joys, and human souls?

Nedia continued her train of thought: "This truth of personal responsibility," she mused, "is one of tremendous moment. We do not escape it by being in a crowd, one of a family, one of a community. In the deepest, realest sense each one of us lives alone.

"No one but ourself can live our life,

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do our work, meet our obligation, bear our burden. The pulpit orator cannot mediate between you and God. No one but ourself can stand for us before the Almighty to render an account of our deeds. Perhaps the best work any of us do in this world is that which we do when we show practical sympathy—to stimulate hope, that put courage into fainting hearts.

There is the golden rule for even the poorest of us.

The humblest of us, she sighed, dare not fail in our duty, for our one life is all God has at the point where we stand.

That night Nedra sat long hours engrossed in deep thought; she had found her life work. She would create an instrument to emancipate the race from vice. She had now a single and indomitable purpose—and that purpose was to serve the people and humanity.

It was just dawn when Nedra penned the first chapter of her book, "How to Banish the Sinful Bachelor."

Be sure no earnest work of any honest creature,
howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much it is not
gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used for carry-
ing out God's end.

CHAPTER XIX.

"No, Father O'Donnell," Nedie said with severe dignity, "it is utterly useless. I am determined to remain one of God's chosen people—to strictly adhere to my faith—and not wander into the foreign groves of convertism."

"I regret very much that my three months' effort in trying to draw you nearer to our church should result in this ultimatum of yours, for it plainly shows how weakly-expressed have been my arguments in behalf of our faith."

"On the contrary," she replied earnestly. "Father, I assure you that your arguments flowed like a silver stream in the sunlight—without disclosing its shallowness."

"It was not feebleness on your part, but rather my strength and faith in the living book—the Bible—which my people, the Jews, gave to mankind; and for which they have been so unjustly and cruelly persecuted by a slanderous, ingrate, Christian world."

He bowed his head in humiliation, and she continued: "Father O'Donnell, once

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for all time, I must beg of you to cease your persistence upon a subject which does not harmonize with my solemn convictions, nor with Jesus' Christianity."

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

With bowed head he answered slowly: "Miss Rafael, I accept your ultimatum. I realize that it is rank heresy and arrogant presumption for the Christian Church to attempt to teach the Bible to the Jews, that most wonderful race of Abraham, the race of Moses, the race of Elijah, the race of Isaiah, the race of Jesus, the race most marvelous for its religion, its theology and its ethical life. And now, Nedra, I must confess that your beautiful Christ soul has made of me henceforth a broader and a better Christian!"

"Oh! I am so glad," she said with evident delight, "for now we can be real friends."

"Friends?" he repeated mechanically. "Did you say friends? O! that sounds cold and 'hollow' between us two."

Fixing his imploring eyes upon her, and coming closer, with quickening breath and subdued trembling voice, he continued:

"Nedra, I need and crave for more—more; do you understand? I will discard

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this sacerdotal mask! Before you, Nedra, I am a man, a man in the full sense—who loves you to distraction!

“Helpless and suffering, only your love can give me back my peace of mind; your love only can restore me to happiness!”

He had caught her hand, imprinting ardent kisses upon it.

“Father O'Donnell, I am amazed!! Such an avowal from a minister of religion—a priest.”

“Oh, forget the priest! I am a man—whose burning, passionate heart yearns to embrace you.” She quickly started to leave the room. “It is useless, it is useless,” he said, intercepting her flight. “You cannot act with me.”

“Hush! You are blasphemous. Because, as an actress, I give my smiles, tears, my heart-aches to the audience, before the footlights, it were not safe to imagine that I share the pagan tendencies which appear to have smitten men who infest the theatres and society with moral leprosy.”

“Such expressed sentiments from one who lives in the centre of continued recklessness and passion, in the midst of rose-colored temptations!

“What! a girl like you, in whose face, whose every feature, denies the imputa-

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tion of coldness or indifference! Why, every movement of your voluptuous form cries out against the icy mask which you assume."

Drawing nearer, he threw his arms about her with intense passion and continued:

"Ah, Nedra, you cannot deceive me. You have felt the burning flame of passion. In your career on the stage, financiered by sensual men—debauchers of chaste womanhood—you certainly must have yielded to some one."

With a supreme effort she broke from his iron embrace. Panting with indignation, in hurried voice, she replied:

"Enough, sir. I am horrified that a man of your calling should so far forget himself as to insult virtue because it chose to walk on the stage, in order, through its good example, to be able to reach the hearts of those who have erred, and try, if possible, to show them a living picture of their own degradation. Yet, it is not vice I paint, but virtue gone astray in a moment of weakness. Much weakness may co-exist with strength. It is to this transient aberration of the mind, and lack of reasoning, that I appeal to in my acting before the footlights. The stage is the arena where, in gladiatorial combat, I

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wage war against vice and sin; there, I receive the swelling acclamations of success, or the pelting hisses of defeat; there, before the footlights, where I toil in portraying the different living pictures to those who wander from the honest road, in order that the stray sheep may see the folly of their doings and return to the Master's fold.

"Upon the stage, where I toil to give pleasure and instruction to my audience, I am a legitimate, defenceless target for artistic criticisms, but, outside the precincts of the theatre, I hold myself as sacred from the world as if I stood in marble upon an altar behind some convent's bar.

"After to-day, the luckless incident of this interview must vanish, and you, sir, amid the inane futile gush of society, or among the poor heart-broken of the city's starving masses, will have little leisure and less inclination to recall the unflattering failure of an attempted flirtation with a pretty but most utterly heartless actress."

Drawing herself up to her full height, and with dignity, she pointed to the door.

"You are cruel," he said.

"I must be cruel only to be kind," she replied, haughtily.

He stood before her dazed, as if turned to stone, with his staring eyes fixed upon her. Suddenly his whole face lit up with intense animation. Regaining his power of speech, he said:

“Generous-hearted Nedra, you cannot dismiss me in this manner. I may have uttered words—but which were never intended as an insult; please remember I am at least a gentleman, which quality, I see by your expression, you seem to doubt. But, you are so broad and noble-minded, you certainly will not condemn me before allowing me to explain my conduct, to apologize for that which you deem so rash.”

“Father O’Donnell, there is no explanation or apology necessary.

“Some worldly actresses, willing to barter honor—and fling as a bauble, their soul to the heaps—for ephemeral success, have brought opprobrium upon the profession, which is beset with temptation full of danger and subjects woman to suspicion and detraction; but let me assure you, that there have been, and are still hundreds of lovely, noble, pure, virtuous, brave women on the stage.

“Personal characteristics must decide a woman’s reputation, irrespective of the fact that she lives upon the stage.

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"It is unjust that the faults of some should reflect discreditably upon all, in any profession."

His head bowed in shame, he said: "I am aware that at this moment you think me (and you are right in judging so) one of the weakest and most depraved of God's creatures."

"Not necessarily. A known weakness, thoroughly conquered, sometimes becomes an element of additional strength in human character.

"As the exercise of muscle builds up physical vigor, so the mightiest gift of man—the persistent exertion of will to do right—develops mental and moral power."

"That you are quite incapable of weakness," he said, "I am well convinced, for under the heel of your iron will your heart would not even struggle."

"Father O'Donnell, you, as a priest, more than any one else, ought to be able to understand that one should so train one's self that the body should be the ready servant of the will, and do with ease and pleasure all the work that is uplifting."

"Oh, noble Nedra, now more than ever you must hear me and listen to the fierce struggle of my soul! and then if you are still determined to turn from me, perhaps

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a compassionate look, a word of kind advice from one who is the ideal of all that is worth craving for, may be the means of saving me from myself. For you, Nedra, are the only one in whose power it is to save me."

"You should look above mortals for salvation. Yet, if in my humble way I can point out the futile transiency of your weakness, I will be glad to do so. Pray be seated. You can unfold your heart as man to man. Consider me as a brother.

"You need have no fear to think aloud, for I will not misconstrue, nor will I interrupt you."

"Listen, Nedra, and forgive me for intruding upon your patience."

"You need no forgiveness; my time is your own."

Father O'Donnell began:

"When Adam and Eve were expelled from Paradise, they yet found one flower, wherever they went, blooming in perpetual beauty. This flower represents a great certitude, without which few would be happy; subtle, mysterious, inexplicable—a great boon—recognized alike by poets and moralists, pagan and Christian. Yes, identified not only with happiness, but human existence, and pertaining to the soul in its highest aspirations. Allied

with the transient and the mortal, even with the weak and corrupt, it is yet immortal in its nature, and lofty in its aims. At once a passion, a sentiment, and an inspiration.

"In the Middle Ages the original beatitude of the Garden of Eden returned. Man awoke from the deep sleep of four thousand years, to discover, with Adam, that woman was a partner for whom he should resign all the other attachments of life, and she became his guardian angel, his star, whose bright, pure rays lit up his path amid the entanglements of sin and cares of toil.

"This same guardian angel, notwithstanding the marvelous progress since time immemorial, is still the greatest need of man. You look terrified to hear me talk thus, because I am a priest. But even a priest is only weak flesh—is merely human."

"I confess that I am astonished that a priest should openly confess his doubt."

Is old religion but a specter now?

Haunting the solitude of darkened minds.

Mocked out of memory by the scepter day.

Is there no corner safe from peeping doubt?

"You say doubt? Why not? Is it not high time, in this enlightened, twentieth,

marvelous, progressive century, for the priests of the Catholic religion conditioned by their mortal state to doubt the wisdom of the decree handed down to us from the dark Middle Ages by the then reigning Pope, concerning the mortification of the flesh, the total abstinence of passions? Why should we not doubt? Has not progressive civilization wrought a marvelous perfection on all things, excepting certain rules in Catholicism handed down to us from the dark Middle Ages?

“The great besetting sin of Gentiles of the Fourth Century was immorality! Some radical change was necessary, to check depravity—a much needed reform; therefore the good men—the few early Christian Jews of the Fourth Century, became more austere. The original Puritans made but little account of pleasures which weaned them from the contemplation of God and Divine truths, and chained them to the triumphal car of material and infidel philosophy.

“The Christian world grudgingly withholds its acknowledgment of how much it owes to that Godly man and Law-giver, Moses. With what sublime wisdom and unceasing tenderness he labored for the good of all mankind.

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“What a powerful factor he recognized in woman, when he sought her coöperation in checking degradation by issuing a law that each married woman should exclusively occupy her bedroom one whole week out of each month, in order to check scrofulous diseases and unnatural passions.

He was the bravest warrior
That ever buckeled sword;
The most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page
Truths half so sage
As Moses wrote for men.

“The wise and good men of the Fourth Century, like Moses, realized that they needed a reform. Epicureanism in life, and philosophy, had to contend; and which the few Christians sought to shun. The good men of that era found it a necessity to become austere and ascetic. You must remember that only an indifference to the pleasures of the material luxuries pandering to sensual passions, which were the fatal evils of their day, could attract through curiosity and make a powerful impression, even on the ignorant masses, and make Christianity stand out in bold

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contrast with the fashionable, perverse, and false doctrines which Paganism endorsed.

"Toward the latter part of the Fifth Century, a number of bishops held a convocation, and agreed that one of their rank should be elected Pope; so the people began to vote for their favorite bishop.

"Popery arose in the Sixth Century, hence the reason that, up to the present day, we priests must still submit;—and, though we are deeply learned, filled with lofty thoughts, which make us doubly sensitive to all the higher emotions, and when our mortal nature rebels and weeps to our inward self against the injustice, we are supposed to strangle her, as an unnatural mother would her illegitimate child; in order to appear before the world that which we are not. And this is one of the glaring errors in our religion handed down to us from the dark mediæval ages of the then reigning Popes, and which must be rectified. Ours is the only religion which will not frankly and honestly admit that priests are human, and the voice in their bosom exacts its better half—like in other men.

"The bachelor is committing moral and domestic suicide, and is in direct opposition to Christian principles in social and

public life; the bachelor undermines the very foundations of human society.

"No single man over twenty-five years of age can live a celibate life and pose as a good clean man.

"The tendency of nature when neglected is downward.

"Gardens not cultivated soon produce rank weeds, instead of flowers; so the single man who has reached the age of adolescence—the celibate, when defying the laws of nature—deteriorates."

Nedia's eyes were dim with tears, she felt such a deep compassion for him—for all those men who, like him, were suffering in silence, bravely battling against their own nature—in behalf of what the Catholic Church called right. With bowed head, she listened, and Father O'Donnell continued:

"If light and liberty prevail, Monarchy and Priestcraft (who use the name of an infallible Pope as a tool to impose upon the masses) sink.

"Many of the dogmas of the Church are curios and must be shelved.

"The old hell of the old religion, with its flaming fires, its catacomb of dead hopes and its fumes of sulphur, is a thing of the past. It was adroitly employed to frighten people into the church. The blue

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laws of morbidity and prejudice are the twins of evil. Crime is hatched where love is not; depravity flourishes in the shades of secretiveness. The true religion does not forbid the masses to read and learn knowledge—does not prey upon the fears and ignorance of the people.

“Free thought, free research and free speech are sacred rights of the pulpit.

“The Scriptures in the living language were given to the common people for the first time, who ever since have the privilege to read them, if they can and will.

“‘Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.’

“True religion says God is love, God is light, God is happiness. It bids you come to church with acclaims of joy. Our Father does not want us to approach Him with long-drawn faces and down-cast eyes. Go to Him with happiness beaming from your countenance and overflowing from your heart. Take a lesson in happiness from His creatures, the birds with their songs of praise, or the animals as they gambol on the green-sward. Crime and depravity are unknown to such of God’s creatures. It is left for man to be morbid and sorrowful—and sinful. Blue laws, fanaticism and hatred will find no place in the religion of the future.

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"In accordance with truth, justice, knowledge and understanding there will be more universal love, and brotherhood, in the new order of things, and very much less secretiveness, ignorance, persecution, sorrow and crime.

"In the Bible it is related that God's smile is reflected in the happiness of His people.

"The Church of the Future that will make the most converts for God's cause and the betterment of humanity, and prepare us for complete living, is the Church of Happiness; that will radiate 'Peace and goodwill to all—Love and Universal Brotherhood.'

"I dare say," he continued, "the near future, inspired by our broad American spirit, will see that the 'Blue Laws' of dark mediævalism, breeding error in the brain, imposing fanatical conditions, with its juiceless theological terms, pious phrases and glittering generalities, will find no place in the religion of the future.

The coming Church will be democratic. Jesus was a democrat.

The Church lacks the humility that should exist in a house of worship.

The coming Church of Happiness will be democratic; the progress of the world is toward democracy. To sate the lust of

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power the Church stupidly maintains an arrogant moth-eaten aristocracy.

The common people rule the world.

In the Church of the future, Christianity will not be served with the lash of hell.

The coming Church will be humane.

You cannot make people believe that God is their Father unless you make it plain to them of yourselves being their brethren.

The errors of the misrepresentation of doctrine, or principles of morality combated; most of our rules will become obsolete, and the cannon law so arranged, that a cleric to fit the conditions of his mortal state; our Church will relax its intolerant attitude, and the then reigning manly Pope will honestly acknowledge, as other creeds have done—that even a priest can marry and rear a family and yet withal be the sincere worshipper and clean, devoted servant of his Maker.

“I believe in the Church of Happiness!”

A long pause of silent reflection ensued, and then, as if to take up the thought anew and drawing his chair nearer, he softly said:

“Nedia, since I first called upon you, I have carefully studied you from every point. I know you are not happy.”

“Why, what makes you think so? I am

always inclined to be mirthful—naturally of a very sunny disposition. No one would ever infer from my actions that I could ever have a gloomy thought.”

“Precisely. You are constantly acting in your private life, as well as on the stage. But you are not happy, for you are so superior to your surroundings that you are practically isolated—superior, not merely in the radiance of the soul, but in treasures of the mind. Nor can your acquaintances comprehend your great thoughts, while rendering homage to your personal beauty. You are to the eye Venus Polyhymnia confessed in all her charms.”

“Over which, Father, the Venus Urania triumphs every time.”

“Exactly, because you have such an indomitable will.”

“Father, is this a reproach?”

“Oh, no; on the contrary. But then, you will not always be able to exist with your present resolutions. The Venus Urania will, at some future day, have to yield to the Venus Polyhymnia, and then what a terrible disenchantment awaits such a lofty, ardent, loving nature like yours. Very few men you may meet who shall ever be able to truly understand, or appreciate your brilliant qualities; more than I, who for years have suffered untold

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agonies of remorse, for the want of a guardian angel—Nedia, I recognized that precious being the first time I met you. None will ever be able to recognize or appreciate all those lofty qualities with which you are endowed, more than I.”

“Father O'Donnell, you forget yourself. Remember, you are a minister.

“To be a minister of the Gospel of God is the noblest work to which any man can be called or in which he can engage.”

“This being true,” he answered, “you must not condemn me before I have fully explained. I am well aware of what you think I intend to propose. But no, not that!

“I am a Christian Jew. Since our blessed Lord Jesus Christ was born a Jew, every follower of the Saviour is a Christian Jew.

“I am a good Catholic. I fervently believe in God.

“But I do not believe in crafty Jesuitism—political-priest churchianity—and all the heaps of rubbish, which in the lapse of centuries of monkish ignorance, and pious superstition have so effectually accumulated. What then can prevent me from offering you an honest name and heart, sanctified by marriage.”

“Father O'Donnell!”

“Yes, marriage. A civil contract before

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God and man." Coming closer, with quickening breath, he continued:

"I am wealthy, and in the flush of life. I have great lofty aims. I can do grand service for humanity. But I need your help. I have a burning, intense longing to possess you! Everything that you could desire you shall have; you will find in me father, husband, lover, all! I shall become an unfrocked priest—and cast off the mantle that now hides the vice of the bachelor."

"There can be no two opinions as to what is right; in, or out of the church, the bachelor commits a hideous crime—a crime against all nature."

"We shall be married, and I shall live a clean, honest, natural life, with you as my precious wife, and guardian angel."

"Stay, Father O'Donnell, your offer seems almost insanity, since you propose marriage to me without knowing, or even asking, whether I could love you."

"That is not necessary," he replied earnestly. "My deep devotion would win you, and then you would learn to love me. The passion I describe is degrading when perverted by misuse, as it is exalting when pure."

"With a nature like yours, true exalted love comes after marriage, not before."

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"As you are now, you are unconscious, comatose. You cannot in your present state realize what a boundless world of delight there is in true sanctified love.

"To you now the description may seem exaggerated in its transports, but can transports be too highly colored? Can any word be as vivid as a sensation? Enthusiasm, when fully expressed, ceases to be a rapture. So it is with the fountain of love—words are inadequate to attempt the description of its delights. You, Nedra, with your suppressed, ardent nature, when you will fearlessly abandon yourself on the altar of love, then the gods will have cause to envy that happy mortal.

"Ah!" he whispered, with passionate ardor, "Nedra, dearest, let me be that fortunate man. Your love will strengthen, encourage me to work incessantly for the suffering poor, your love will purify me, make of me one of the noblest of men."

"Father O'Donnell, no more, I beseech you. If I have listened until now, it was because I wished you to unload the burden of your heart, which seemed to oppress you. And now in my turn I beg of you to listen without interrupting me."

"Go on, Nedra, your slightest wish to me is a command."

"Thanks, I shall exact of you to keep

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your word. Father O'Donnell, the candidness with which you have laid bare your sufferings, the sad, peculiar sacrifices exacted from the priest, all of which you have so frankly referred to, deserve the deepest sympathy. I will be equally candid with you.

"To begin with, I am partially engaged to a young man of my own faith, now traveling in Europe studying sociology, and who, to my idea, is the only man whom I can ever love. He has asked me to be his wife."

"Impossible, Nedie. No, I cannot believe that."

"Father, I have never doubted that which you chose to confide."

"Forgive me, Nedie, I cannot imagine I heard aright. You engaged; to another; no, it cannot be."

"Father, I wish you to listen without interrupting me, if you value my friendship, for that is all that I can ever offer you. If you care to accept it, then I will continue with what I was about to say."

"Go on," he groaned, dejectedly, as he rested his head upon both hands.

"Father, pray be brave. Do not let disappointments have such a crushing effect upon you. If you prefer, we can postpone my views until some other time."

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"Oh, no," he tremblingly answered, as if battling with an inward demon. "Please, please, go on. I am prepared for the worst, for even death itself."

"Father, you should not fear death, for you are one of nature's noble men. This battling with the weak flesh will only exalt you higher in the eyes of the Omnipotent. And one day you will sincerely bless me for having reminded you to be true to your better self."

Her impressive earnestness overpowered his mind. With bowed head, he pleaded for her to continue.

"God Almighty does not break fetters," she said, "until there is some desire in men to have them broken. If men will hug sin, they must not complain of their bondage. It is always our passions, our appetites and our material desires which burden us and retard our progress. Sensuality ever robs man of the power of will to do lofty deeds. But let him throw off this carnal yoke, let him not be a slave to that weak flesh, which, after all, is the intended food for worms. When vice, in its agony, cries out to God, then help is near, even if it appears in the shape of death, since God rules the world."

"Oh, Nedra, you who are upon the threshold of youth and beauty, love to you

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should be one rich dream, since it holds in store for you such delicious sweets! Why, how can you analyze life in such a cold, prosaic way?"

"Why? Because I merely strip the rind and look at the kernel. I adore constancy, and do not choose to attach myself to that which is only *du passage*—transient. I do not live for the sole purpose (as a great number of people do) of toadying, caressing, and constantly studying the desires of one's own flesh.

"How absurd to bestow such unremitting worship upon the body, which, as soon as the soul, or breath of life, leaves it, is bound to become a putrid mass, which repels even its nearest relatives.

"This advanced, bright, intellectual, every-day living, like animals—vegetating, without faith in one's own soul, is rather repulsive than otherwise; is cold, critical, arrogant, cynical—something from which we find no sympathy, and no hope.

"When I hear people in rapture over this every-day, humdrum existence, its Vanity Fair—with its fragile bubble of pleasure; with no future or higher aims, I simply recall the solemn admonitions of the Talmud:

"'Life is a passing shadow. Is it the

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shadow of a tower or a tree? A shadow that prevails for a while? No; it is the shadow of a bird in his flight. Away flies the bird, and there remains neither bird nor shadow.'

"Then, why should we so tenaciously embrace the shadow instead of the substance? Are we less intelligent than the bees, who wisely discriminate between pure honey and poisonous sweets?"

"With my constant nature, I desire to cling to something lasting, and that only is the soul.

I perceive all things below the sun to be of a fleeting nature—nothing permanent but Divinity and Immortality! And to feel the prospects of the latter; inspires the heart with hope beyond this life.

He looked at her, and she was radiant—radiant in the innocence of conscious virtue. A halo lit up her beautiful face, like the glory which mediæval artists aspired to paint in the faces of Madonnas.

"Nedia, I cannot doubt your noble sincerity; but you are not happy—you are so full of life—so full of earthly desires."

"Father O'Donnell, it is wiser to seek one's happiness by limiting one's desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them."

He bowed his head, humiliated, for he

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keenly understood the rebuke of her last answer.

Her soft voice full of compassion for him, she continued:

"Father O'Donnell, since your mortal nature exacts its better half, marry some good woman in your own faith; and let us be friends. I offer you true, lofty friendship, a Damon and Pythian tie, which will bind our hearts even beyond death."

Reverently grasping both her hands, he replied:

"Ah! Nedia, with what angelic sweetness this proffered friendship of yours shows how truly you have forgiven my unpriestly conduct."

"Pray, Father, we will never refer to it again. It has vanished from our minds."

His face plainly showing the inward tumult, as if heroically endeavoring to crush something from his heart, he continued:

"Yes, Nedia, I gladly accept your friendship, for it will prove to me a guiding star to the Port of Light. Under your subtle, eloquent purity, I feel I have regained new vigor. I do not fear the flesh now, for, with your beautiful eyes, I have learned to see Truth."

"Father O'Donnell, when at the age of seventeen years, I first went upon the

stage, I said to myself: 'All art is of a kind. It belongs to the higher life. It is inspirational; it seeks to lift the soul above the material realm.

The Drama should depict life.

The stage is a great pulpit to daily teach the people of the world the right way in which they should live; people should leave the theatre much better ethically than when they entered.'

No important theatre can thrive without the patronage of the public.

The stage should be under the direct personal control of the citizens who stand for civic righteousness.

The church, instead of haughtily holding aloof from the theatre and condemning the stage, should rather coöperate with the multitude and assist them to have clean, moral plays with lofty, inspiring purpose, to entertain and instruct the people.

And now, dear Father, I have a confession to make! I am hard at work—writing a book which is a God-inspired instrument. Its message is to cleanse mankind; to shield and guard from sin our unprotected women; and to eliminate vice by abolishing from the nations of the earth the vampire bachelor!"

Father O'Donnell sat with bowed head. While guilt and remorse seared his con-

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science, he reverently murmured: "Dear Angel of Light, show me the way to cleanse my sinful past mode of living."

"I will, good Father, I will. Only so much of a person's life counts as he deposits in the lives of others. That way comes immortality of influence. If through my efforts and example I can place one ray of hope into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God."

"Noble Nedia, henceforth I will help further your sublime aim—we shall both work with God."

Let me find in Thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy;
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

CHAPTER XX.

Nedia was not only a girl of great love and tenderness, but she was a born optimist. She felt that real talent, despite the obstacles raised in the path of virtue by the non-moral managers, was bound to conquer and win success. Possessed of heroic courage of soul, undaunted by the many disappointments through all the weary, desperately hard struggles and self-denial through unspeakable insult and humiliation—taunted for her virtue, and hated for her goodness—Nedia kept pegging away at her daily studies, and writing her book; suffering when she had to, but always true to the “inner light;” which was to be of more real value to the world than all the gold in christendom; and small wonder her ancestors in their quiet way have mightily influenced the world, and always in the right direction. For almost three thousand years the Jew has striven heartily and unceasingly for the three basic principles of true civilization—Freedom, and Peace and Universal brotherly love.

In fact if bereft of Israel, and of all that

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the chosen people of God have done for mankind during the past three thousand years, the world would be a very forlorn sort of place to live in.

Such being the case we can all afford to sincerely thank God for the inspired prophets in Israel, for the Bible, and to love and seek the chosen people of God out of whom so much good has come.

Several months had elapsed since Nedie had refused to accept Manager Clawman's debasing terms, which would enable her to act under his management.

She had had occasion to interview other managers, and found to her dismay that they, one and all, made use of the same tactics when in the presence of talented, but good young women, who were ambitious to act.

Ah! it was all so pitiable.

Nedie was at last forced to realize the true character of the class of godless men who control the art centres of the theatre. It was just as Manager Clawman had said, the managers were all alike—they boasted that they had no use for virtue on the stage; if the girl was young and pretty why she was looked on as some negotiable commodity—for them to prey upon.

But, if the ambitious young actress had the womanhood and the courage to resent

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their insulting remarks—why, then she was brutally told that she need not expect any engagement or favor from their office, as they had no use for virtue in the theatrical world.

Nedia, after many fruitless efforts and heart-crushing disappointments with the round table camarilla managers, came to the bitter conclusion that as an actress, talent and virtue with the majority of the managers counted for naught! They preferred to encourage and flaunt women who were easy and willing to barter themselves to the highest bidder.

But what made her feel most indignant was the apathetic indifference of the citizens of the community—the leaders of civic righteousness.

Nedia felt convinced that the state of moral deterioration of the vulgar, brutal managers who dictate art and control the stage, was directly traceable and entirely due to the heartless indifference of the so-called good, respectable people of the community; who have absolute power to decide the matter. For after all is said, and done, it is the public opinion of the theatre-going public—the patrons who support and influence the stage either for good or evil.

And now, at the age of twenty-four,

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Nedia felt discouraged—and knew that her deep love for the stage was a delusion.

“Ah!” she sighed, “my dreams of fame alas!”

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by spreading it disperseth to naught.

That evening she had paused for a period in her aims to review what she had accomplished. In summing up her experiences and mercies, she was forced to conclude that with all her rich gifts of languages, music, painting, allied with her great dramatic talent, she realized that after all her artistic aspirations, which had entailed great struggles—and self-denials—with all her achievements—she was now only fit to be the loving, devoted wife of some public-spirited good man.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

O! ye bigots of
Different sects, who all declare,
Lo! here is Christ, and Christ is there!
Your stronger proof—than mere say so—divinely
give,
And show us where the Christians live!
Your claim alas! you cannot prove!
Ye want the genuine work of Love!

While they were all having dinner, several of the guests who had attended Sunday service at their church spoke with enthusiasm of the many who were baptized that morning into the faith. Nedra had also for the first time that day attended a service at a Baptist church and had witnessed an extraordinary scene. Of course, during her travels abroad she had visited many different churches; but it so happened that this was the first Baptist church she had ever entered, and now she saw to her astonishment about thirty people of both sexes, dressed in their street costume, being immersed in a big tank of

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water, in full view of the congregation. It was all so strange; the men and women, some of whom were stylishly dressed, especially the latter, looked so queer the moment after their bath, with their wet clothes and hair hanging limp about them, as they were led away half choking from the sudden effects of the water.

The scene was so unusual, to say the least, that Nedra, when asked during the dinner what she thought of the service, merely bowed, and asked to be excused.

The Rev. Mr. Steerwell, who was about thirty-five years old, and treasurer of a useless proselyting society constantly soliciting funds, ostensibly for the conversion of little Jewish children, and who was himself rather interested in making converts, determined to know how much this gifted young Jewess was impressed with the baptismal service.

He followed Nedra into the parlor. The other guests had retired to their rooms.

Rev. Mr. Steerwell, beaming with enthusiasm and in impressive voice, asked Nedra what she thought of the wonderful scene of professed faith she had witnessed that morning at his church.

Nedra replied, seriously, by asking a question: "Can you, as a clergyman, explain to me why this public clothes bath

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given at your church this morning was necessary?"

"Because," he answered proudly and solemnly, "our Lord Jesus Christ was baptized in full view of the multitude. We are the true followers of His footsteps."

"Then," Nedra asked with great earnestness, "why are you not circumcised?"

Rev. Mr. Steerwell looked at her in speechless amazement!

Again she asked the question earnestly: "Since you Christians profess to follow in His footsteps, why are you not circumcised?"

Are you like a parrot repeating a borrowed song? Jesus came from the Jews, and was circumcised; then why are not you and all the other professing Christians circumcised?

"I really cannot say why," he replied, somewhat embarrassed at the stubborn fact she had so clearly and truthfully and persistently presented for him to answer.

"Are you nominal Christians, practicing an evasive Christianity, ashamed of Jesus' humble childhood, with its Jewish home training and influence?" she asked.

"I really cannot say," he repeated helplessly. "No! You cannot explain why," she replied magnanimously. "That is one of the snares of Christendom!"

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"Why do the nominal Christians call the first day of the week the Sabbath?

"In the Bible the seventh day is the Sabbath.

"The first day in the week is never called a Sabbath in the Bible.*

"Is it not a fact that the Sabbath was given to the Jews, not to the Gentiles, and if it is still in force the penalty for breaking the Sabbath is still in force.

"Jesus and His followers observed the Ten Commandments and the seventh day.

"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all that thou hast to do; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it thou shalt do no manner of work; thou, and thy son, and thy daughter, thy man servant, and thy maid servant, thy cattle, and the stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.

"The early Christian Jews observed the (seventh) Sabbath day.

"The shifting change was made in obe-

*Read the author's work, "Is Your Soul Progressing?"

dience to the exigencies of dark mediæval church politics by worldly ambitious men—to prove to the pagan Roman world that they had founded a new creed; that Christianity was entirely separated and distinct from Judaism; to bolster up their theory they began a wicked, cruel system of persecution against the Jews.

“Sunday sails under false pretentions.

“The age-long false doctrine, the Christian leaders have taught to observe the first day as the Sabbath and to separate Jesus from His people; from that marvelous race of Abraham, the race of Moses, the race of Elijah, the race of Isaiah, the race of Jesus, the race most wonderful for its religion, its theology, its ethical life, is not complimentary to God.

“Jesus was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew. How few Christian ministers care to preach this divine truth about Jesus!

“When Moses and Elias appeared, to Jesus, the beams of glory so emanated that his raiment glistened and became white as snow.

“Jesus preached nothing but Judaism—the religion of His birth—in its purest and simplest form, which He practiced.

The Catholic Church is based on the probability that the Jew Jesus became a Catholic?

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This loving a lie and denying the truth, and showing hostility, bitter hatred and persecution to the Jews who would show the truth, is cruel and wicked.

"Without Judaism Christianity has no foundation to exist.

"Christianity sprung from the womb of Judaism.

"It is the Semitic race which has the glory of having made the religion of humanity. The obligations under which Christians are to the Jews are such as they can never repay.

The monstrous system of intolerance, hatred and inhuman persecutions in so-called Christian lands (?) is certainly taught by the Church.

At the bottom of religious persecution is the doctrine of the Fish and the Loaves—Greed—Revenue.

Faith without works is dead.

The Psalmist prayed that he might be delivered from "men of the world which have their portion in this life," and said in contrast: "As for me, I will behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness;" and affirmed that God would guide him with His counsel, and afterward receive him to glory. In Daniel it is expressly declared that "many of them that sleep in the dust

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of the earth shall awake; some to everlasting life and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

It is not necessary to believe in order to be saved; it is necessary to do good, and he is full of faith who really loves his fellow-men, who is kind, honest, just and charitable, he is to be forever blessed."

Jesus said: "The religion I teach is the Religion of Love—not the Religion of Force and Hatred. You must not imprison your fellow-men, you must not persecute and flay them alive. You must treat all with absolute kindness. If you cannot convert your neighbor by your loving example, that is the end. You must never resort to force and hatred; whether he believes as you do or not, treat him always with kindness.

Yet the Christian followers hate and murder in His name. Jesus' religion does not persecute a human being. Christianity has persecuted millions.

"Ingrate Christendom has sinned, and sinned grievously, against the Jews.

"The great snare and transgression of Christendom, from of old and now, is the stereotyped acknowledgment of sin—the mere habit of automatic confession to God; as witness the cruel, unjust persecution of the Jews by so-called Christians in

the lands under Christian governments. Yet in all Christian churches we hear the stereotyped acknowledgment of sin, the mere habit of confession, the snare of Christianity is the automatic profession of love for Jesus, and His teaching of the Sermon on the Mount.

The Christians say "Jesus is Divine—the only begotten Son of God. He came on earth to die for sinners." Yet they openly or covertly blame and persecute the Jews for His death.

As we read the history of Christianity, of the gentle character of the Jew Jesus, of His teachings of 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men; Love ye one another; His telling the people to be kind even to their enemies, and then read the history of Christendom with its low, cunning, systematic persecution of the Jews; with its prejudice, its bitterness, its hatred, its inquisitions, its tortures and mutilations of innocent men, women and little children and all the fiendish massacres of the past, we feel as though we were reading the records of the cruel doings of the insane!

The nominal, evasive, barbarous Christians do at times, with fiendish delight, torture and massacre the Jew's body—but they cannot reach his soul!

Jesus' Christianity consists not in

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church persecution, mock ceremonies and empty creeds; but in doing noble work—something for God and our fellow-man.

Christendom is anti-Christian in its practices. They trample under foot Jesus' teachings, to which they render homage in mere words.

The Jew stands for the love of God and the brotherhood of man.

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

O! what are all my sufferings here,
If Lord Thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at Thy feet?

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain;
Take life and friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eternal day!

In the darkness of death God's right hand leads
to never-ending daylight of immortality.

The time will come when the Gentile
and the benighted Christian will deem it a
precious privilege to be known as a Jew,
since God saw fit to have Jesus spring from
that holy race. Heart linked to noblest

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deed and aspiration is Israel's world-wide aim.

The summary of the world's ethic are the *Ten Commandments* and the *Sermon on the Mount*.

Israel was destined to be the great missionary agency of the world.

"I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing."

"In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

To Israel the Lord says (Isaiah XLIX., 6.): "I will give thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayst be my salvation unto the end of the earth."

The Reverend Mr. Steerwell had listened to all that Nedra had just said, with the meekness of the repentant sinner, whose mind has perceived the "inner light" and has now grasped the truth! for as she concluded, he earnestly said:

"My precious saint, I blush with shame and deep remorse for the dark, dreadful past. I humbly thank you for the divine inspiration of your message. You have made of me henceforth a broader and a nobler Christian!

"I shall see to it that I become circumcised. I will rest and keep holy (the Seventh day) God's Hallowed Sabbath, as should every Christian follower of Jesus."

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"You have spoken well," she replied, "few see the truth at first and they are the pioneers. Pioneers are usually martyrs."

"The way in which to make one's life most effectively count for the highest ends, is by helping men in the kindest ways to be their best selves."

"God bless you for your great work.

"I must now go and pray and thank our Lord Jesus for the divine light just vouchsafed me.

"I remain ever your loving brother in Christ."

CHAPTER XXII.

"There is a divinity shapes our ends
rough,
Hew them as we will!"

A month later while Mr. Gould was away on one of his business trips, he wrote to Rev. Mr. Steerwell about his wrong mode of living.

He started out with the statement that, like other bachelors, for years he had led the life of a gay Lothario; he had been married "on and off"—at various times, in various places.

About two years ago he had met and was attracted to a young woman who had previously been betrayed, and then abandoned on the road to vice, by the man in whom she had placed her trust.

She was penniless and full of despair when he met her, so he decided to befriend her; he provided a home and lived with her when not absent on business.

Like Adam and Eve they were married by common law ceremony without witness; he had been thinking of late that Adam lived to be a thousand years old, and never got a divorce, although his

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wife played the worst trick on him in the history of the human race.

His conscience had of late troubled him—in fact ever since he had listened to Minister Steerwell's "good story." He had been thoughtfully impressed with the old truth of God's love, and now he had decided to make what reparation lay within his power, by acknowledging the young woman (who was an estimable person) as his lawful wife, and have a legal ceremony performed; he asked the kind, good minister to be a witness and give them his blessing.

He further stated that he was winding up his affairs with the firm, as he intended within a month's time, immediately after the marriage ceremony, to take his wife to Los Angeles and go into the real estate business.

One bright afternoon in the early part of June, the Rev. Mr. Steerwell escorted his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gould, into the train, and was bidding them farewell, when Mr. Gould handed him an envelope containing a hundred dollar check, and a beautifully worded letter of deep gratitude for having saved them from sin.

"Give this money to the poor in our name, and let us often hear from you."

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Minister Steerwell was affected deeply. "God bless you, my children," he replied, "and may the new clean life be rich in fruitful work."

And so they parted only to meet again in Southern California within a few short years.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A brave soul is a thing which *all* things serve.

One day a woman called and asked to see Miss Nedia Rafael; she sent up her card with the maid, and added: "tell her it is a lady from Paris." The visitor was a good looking brunette of about thirty years of age, of stylish appearance and gentle manners; in her sad, pale face, one could see the traces of past suffering. She spoke in a broken English, with a decidedly French accent.

Nedia did not recognize the name of the caller, but asked that she be shown up to her study.

As the visitor was ushered into Nedia's presence, she bowed very low, and paused, and with solemn and repressed emotion—said hesitatingly:

"At last I am once more in the presence of my beloved Saint. Don't you remember me?"

She spoke in French, with the pure, Parisian accent, and Nedia, who spoke French fluently, replied in the same language:

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"No, I do not seem to place you," she went on half apologetically, and with cold reserve: "You see I have met so many people during my travels within the last eight years, that I am often at a loss to recognize new acquaintances."

"Of course, it is quite natural," the visitor persisted somewhat agitated, "that you should not remember me, but," she continued with tremulous voice, "I could not forget your good sweet face and angel voice, if I lived to be as old as Methusaleh."

"Perhaps you will remember the place and incident of our first and only meeting—it is graven on my soul for all time!"

Nedia waited without interrupting her, and Madame Germaine continued:

"It was five years ago—one very warm afternoon on the 8th of August—in the Boulevard Café, on the Champs Elysee. I am Margerite, whom you rescued from a life of degradation and sin!"

"What! Margerite," exclaimed Nedia with evident surprise and pleasure, "Well, I am glad to see you," then she invited her visitor to be seated and join her in a cup of tea.

As they both sat sipping their tea silently and smilingly contemplating each other and noting the happy changes of

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each other's soul—depicted in their faces, they both instinctly on memory's wing were back in Paris.

And then in a second Nedra saw it all—it was all like on a panorama flashed before her view; she lived the scene over again—It was in August, Paris was deserted, except for a few belated tourists. She had been out walking that hot afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne, to inhale a breath of fresh air, fatigued and thirsty she entered for the first time one of the fashionable cafés which are scattered about the Champs Elysee, the place was deserted save for one elegantly attired young woman who was seated at a table as if awaiting some one.

Nedra after a casual glance about the place took a seat at one of the empty tables, and ordered from the garcon who then appeared from an inner room, a glass of iced lemonade. As soon as the waiter had gone, Nedra opened her purse to get the required amount, including the waiter's tip, when a ten franc gold piece from her purse rolled on to the floor; the elegantly gowned young woman at the further table picked up the coin and crossing to where Nedra sat, pleaded in the most pitiable voice to be allowed to keep the money—explaining that she had

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not tasted any food for several days, and that suffering from gnawing hunger, she sat there, waiting for some man to come along and purchase an hour of her society which will enable her to feed her starving body for the time.

Nedia sat up and listened to the supplicant in speechless amazement; she could not believe she had heard aright, as she looked at the pretty, pleading face, and elegantly attired young woman before her. What a hideous tragedy of man's perfidy this young life presented!

When the garcon returned with the glass of lemonade, and saw the two young women conversing, he smiled—as he thought they have struck up an acquaintance it is always thus—the Parisian will teach the pretty little American all the tricks of the trade!

Nedia ordered a second glass and a few sandwiches for her new found acquaintance; after they had refreshed themselves, the young woman at Nedia's invitation, accompanied her, she hailed a cab and told the cabman to drive them to one of the small family restaurants at Neuilly. After a short drive in silence, they arrived at the place where Nedia ordered a good substantial dinner for two, to be served in the small private garden.

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During the repast there was very little conversation. The dinner disposed of, Nedra opened the painful subject with: "Tell me, why did you choose to lead a life so full of degradation and sin?"

"But I did not choose such an awful life," replied the young woman with bitterness, "I was forced into it, by one of our prominent society men, he lived the life of a bachelor—sowing his wild oats in everybody's field, while the respectable people winked and fained to ignore the game of pollution."

Look about you everywhere, you will see the social outcast lurking about the community as an accepted condition for the bachelor's commodity.

And then she related in brief, her tragic life story:

She was an only child of poor though cultured parents. Her father taught languages to support his family, her mother was an invalid since her daughter's birth, that at the age of ten years old the cares of the little menage practically devolved upon her, with the help of an old family servant who lived with them and occasionally went out for a day's work, to earn a little money to buy clothes, as the family could only offer the trusted old servant a home.

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It was the week after New Year, during one of her marketing expeditions, accompanied by the old servant, Marie, that Margerite had been seen and admired by the author of her ruin; a wealthy society man, who had followed the pretty young girl unawares to her abode, and soon gleaned from some of her simple honest neighbors her history.

The next step was easy—he called upon her father, whom he said was recommended to him, gave a fictitious name, and arranged to take, twice a week, English lessons. Some time after he was introduced to the other members of the little household; and under the guise of a friend, and with sweet flatteries and gifts, he secretly wooed and won the heart of the *nâve* unsophisticated young girl, who was just past her fifteenth year, very pretty, with all the innocent captivating vivacious manner of beautiful girlhood.

One evening the following spring, under the cover of darkness he persuaded her to elope with him to the next town and be married.

The shock from her daughter's sudden departure killed the mother—within a week of the unexpected elopement she was buried.

The poor, heartbroken father was

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distracted with grief at his sudden loss of both wife and daughter. He tried in a feeble way to trace the whereabouts of his child, and bring her rich abductor to the bar for punishment; but the authorities were slow to act; he had no money wherewith to grease the wheels of justice, such things happen every day, they replied laughingly, and with worldly wisdom they concluded that a young man had to "sow his wild oats," before settling down to quiet respectability.

So after fruitless efforts and disheartening discouragement, the father, Monsieur Germaine, took to drink—and became one of the human derelicts—"Through man's inhumanity to man."

Poor Margerite soon regretted her awful mistake—no marriage ceremony was performed; her lover had told her such formality was not necessary! They remained in seclusion at a small town, after a few months he began to tire of her, With a deep heartache she noticed the change; they traveled about in quest of pleasure, and, six months later, she awoke to find herself abandoned, with a note pinned to her pillow. It read as follows:

"Do not seek for me, my money is all gone and I am head over ears in debt. I never really loved you—it was a young

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man's caprice; if the child should live—place it in a foundling asylum.

"Return to Paris and live a life of gayety and pleasure, you are young and pretty you will not want for lovers.

"I cannot pay the hotel bill due, but as the proprietor seems to admire you—no doubt you will be able to arrange the matter. Tell him that in case I marry an American heiress, I will settle the bill with interest from date.

"Our's was a summer's dream, forget it; and good bye. C."

After Margerite had read this heartless cruel missive—she fainted!

When next she opened her eyes she was in the pauper ward of a maternity hospital; they told her that her child had been born dead. She heaved a sigh of relief (that she had been spared from the heinous crime of infanticide). She sank back in a stupor. She lay for weeks suffering untold remorse and anguish. And then one day she was discharged from the hospital as cured. She went out into the world—broken in health and spirit, penniless, and friendless.

A young medical student who was engaged to be married to a wealthy and estimable young woman, having learned her story—offered to assist her for a

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while. She accepted his attentions—they lived together for several months, during which time she wrote to her parents for forgiveness.

Not hearing from them, a deep yearning took hold of her to see the dear old faces again; she bid good bye to her medical friend, he gave her enough money for her traveling expenses, and then they both parted; he, the man, to take his honored place and be welcomed in society, while she, the woman, to be shunned and despised by that same society as a social outcast!

Upon Margerite's arrival in Paris she went straight to her old home, it had vanished—a few neighbors harshly told her what had happened! that her mother had died, and that her poor old father, after fruitless efforts to find her, had taken to drink and that at intervals during his sober moments, he wandered back to his old home to ask for news of his lost child.

She wept bitter tears of anguish—one of the neighbors kindly offered to share her mite and give her shelter till she found some sort of work, but the poor girl had not been taught a trade. She had not been trained to battle with the world; she dried her tears, she was deeply

touched at the poor old woman's generous offer, but she refused to accept the aid that the other woman could so ill afford, she thanked her, and left a message that her father should write to her "Post Restant," and let her know where she could see him; and then, helpless and crushed, she went out to live in the under world of gay Paris—to meet the sons of the respectable people who come there on their periodical carnival trips to attend their voluptuary banquets!

Margerite's father had received her message, and written her to call. She went to see him at the lodging house where he helped with the work during his sober hours in return for his board.

Oh! he was so changed—a shadow of his former self!

And the father did not recognize his innocent girl, in the gaudily dressed, bepowdered, and berouged young woman who spoke to him. It was a most painful meeting for both; Margerite gave him some of her earnings—and promised to leave a weekly amount, enough for his personal expense, which she did during the following months; one day when she arrived at the lodging house with the weekly allowance, she was told that her father's dead body lay in the morgue

during the last two days awaiting her to identify it, and that unless she hurried to the place, he would be buried in Potter's field. He had during one of his drunken spells fallen into the Seine and was drowned.

Poor Margerite, grief stricken, drove to the morgue, and after viewing the bloated features—identified the remains as those of her father and promised to take charge of the body. She drove to the abode of several of her female friends, and borrowed enough money to satisfy the undertaker's bill, and gave her father a decent Christian burial.

And now, a terrible desire for vengeance against her betrayer, filled her soul; he was the cause of her downfall—of the untold suffering she had endured—and the misery and anguish brought upon her parents! And, then, she cursed him, and his—for their cruel pitiless attitude toward the social outcast!

If she could only have revenge—she would then welcome death in the Seine as a happy relief of her horrible mode of life.

She had the day before paid her enforced monthly visit to the prison hospital in the rue St. Lazare, to have her body officially inspected, in order to

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protect the adolescent youth from the loathsome diseases with which bachelors infect and regale the woman while sowing their crops of wild oats!

If all men knew that they must inevitably bear the consequences of their own actions—if they absolutely knew that they could not injure another without injuring themselves, they would dread to spread evil.

“Visiting the iniquity—the sins of the father upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation.”

And now she was tossing and suffering on a cot in the ward—undergoing a few weeks’ treatment.

She had but recently learned of the identity of her betrayer—she knew he belonged to the nobility. She had just read long accounts in the daily press of how he was being feted in the American fashionable society, as the betrothed of an American heiress. Millions of dollars had been transferred to him on the day of the marriage contract; and now they had started on their wedding trip to be spent in Paris.

The elite of society were vying with each other to give the young couple a royal reception.

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All those glowing accounts she had read—with a burning desire for revenge.

She knew that her seducer and his wife had arrived in Paris; he could not escape her now, as soon as she was well enough to leave the prison hospital, she would wreak her vengeance!

A month elapsed, she had just been discharged from the hospital as cured; weary and hopeless she again went forth, she bought an evening paper, and the first paragraph that caught her eye, was, the sudden death of her betrayer!!

There, in large head lines was the announcement—The nobleman Le . . . de . . . , upon retiring had accidentally taken an overdose of morphine and had died a sudden and awful death.

Thank God for that! she said, elated with a feeling of joy, and awe—as if relieved at the escape of imprisonment: it was the first time she had breathed a prayer since her betrayal!

She went back to her little furnished room on a side street near the church Notre Dame, determined to seclude herself—she would not visit her old haunts again, not till all her slender funds were spent for food, not till starvation compelled her.

Ah! she was happy, she thought with

intense delight of the retribution, which had overtaken him—at last! when he had everything that could make a man envied, and happy—millions of dollars, high social position, a beautiful young wife, and her vast estates, in fact everything to live for and enjoy life—he must suddenly leave all—and render an account of himself before the justice bar of eternity!

The daily press devoted printed columns of laudatory comments on the young nobleman's life, whose sudden demise was a great loss to the community, he was so generous—he contributed liberally to a number of charitable institutions—the homes for the aged, the orphan and foundling asylums, the Rescue houses, all felt his benign interest and large monetary contributions. Clergymen and ministers from their different pulpits delivered pæons of praise and eulogised the young man's fine character. Society had a grand and pompous funeral. The church of Notre Dame was beautifully decorated, hundreds of yards of royal purple cloth with large initial letters, and crest, of the noble scion, done in wide silver bands applied on the draperies which hung all about the edifice, the altar, the different entrances all were beautifully and royally draped.

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Frivolous society came to view the grand pompous funeral; they were delighted, and mentally calculated how much the church would charge for its imposing programme.

Margerite had gone into the church to view the decorations—she looked about on the grand scene, and then she thought of the wretched poor little funeral of her beloved father, she could not pay for services; and then she compared with agonized feelings how the church discriminates between the rich man and the poor man, even in death—the priests and clergy preached money, instead of the Bible.

Then she saw once more in her eye's vision the wretched dingy little funeral with its one lonely old carriage following the hearse of her poor beloved father. She had no money wherewith to pay for prayers and decorations and so the church did not care for his soul. Bah! She mentally concluded, what do I care for the mumbling prayers of this pompous clique of so-called gospel preachers, these church politicians, these luxurious pagans with their gaudy trappings and theatrical church scenery; these worldly materialists who are hoarding millions of dollars belonging to the people; while their fellow creatures lack food and die of starvation.

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These priests and clergymen are living in splendor while pretending to follow the footsteps of the unselfish, humble, loving, lowly born Nazarene Jesus.

The crowd moved on, meanwhile craning their necks to catch a glimpse of the heavily veiled figure of the weeping widow, who deeply mourned for the sudden bereavement of this noble paragon of a devoted husband, every one sympathized with her—there were whispers of a posthumous heir, the husband's relatives threw their protecting arms about the rich young widow to guide and console her. It was all so interesting, so sudden and above all, so inexpressively sad.

The coffin had just been placed in the hearse—as the body of her seducer was carried past her, a gayly dressed young woman laughingly exclaimed *Canaille!* Several aristocratic middle-aged women—charity patronesses, turned to look at her, they saw from her rouged, painted lips that she was a *demi-mondaine*—they gathered their respectable skirts more tightly about themselves and moved away with an air of *dégoût*.

In a few days Paris had forgotten the wealthy nobleman's sudden death and his spectacular funeral.

Two weeks had elapsed, Margerite was

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now twenty-two years old, and hopeless—she concluded to continue her trottoir life for a little while longer—only one desire seemed to animate her now—the same burning desire that all betrayed women secretly cherish—to inoculate the bodies of men who seek them with loathesome disease—so that the debaucher of sweet womanhood should also suffer, since he is bound to sow his wild oats broadcast! Just a little while longer she muttered embittered and then she would do as so many other unfortunate innocent victims of the community's indifference had done—end it all in the Seine!

She had been without food for two days—hunger was gnawing cruelly at her vitals—starvation drove her back to the hated life!

She put on her finest gown, she donned her prettiest hat and went out in quest of game; despite of the paint and powder on her face she had a frail sickly look, the few worldly men, who noticed her in the glaring daylight, were not attracted by her delicate appearance and so she was allowed to wend her way to the fashionable cafe unmolested.

The world is full of cruel, respectable people, who would rather see you lay along the way side than give you a lift,

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she concluded, and then she leaned back wearily—with a hopeless sigh, as she finished her human Gethsemane story. And then the angel voice of Nedra had asked her to begin a new honest, clean life all over again.

She had explained that it was not too late to leave her life of sin, it was not too late to lead an honest, useful life, that if she would sincerely pray to God for mercy and guidance—that He would hear her prayer and would help her.

Life is immortal, Nedra said. We may become like the angels; what debasement, then, to let our lives, with all their glorious possibilities be dragged down into the dust of shame and dishonor!

And then she related the following beautiful little parable of what the grace of God does for every sinful life that longs and cries for purity and holiness.

A drop of water lay one day in a gutter, soiled, stained, polluted. Looking up into the blue of the sky, it began to wish for purity, to long to be cleansed and made crystalline. Its sigh was heard, and it was quickly lifted up by the sun's gentle fingers—up, up, out of the foul gutter into the sweet air, then higher and higher; at length the gentle winds caught it and bore it away, away, and by and by it

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rested on a distant mountain-top, a flake of pure, white, beautiful snow.

To lie in the mud is not always an indication of belonging there. The most valuable gems have been trampled upon until they were discovered.

You have no right to give way to despair, you do not belong to yourself alone, but to God. Take a fresh start. Do not think of your past—leave it behind you, it was a dreadful nightmare. Get right with God.

You have many years of useful life ahead of you—remember, you belong to humanity—It is never too late to do better if you really mean to do better.

My poor friend, I know God will hear, and help you, if you will earnestly long and pray for goodness and holiness.

And then Nedra explained that she was a Jewess and an American—that she was also alone in the world, that she was a young actress and had recently given a number of performances of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* at the theatre Anglais, and that while she had made an artistic success (the French critiques were most kind to her), financially, she had only cleared expenses.

And she was on the eve of her departure for London where she expected to play a

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short season and then return to fill theatrical engagements in the United States; that she would help her if she would determine to lead an honest, clean life, both with money, and letters to several friends, who would procure her some work wherewith she could soon regain her selfrespect and become self-sustaining. Nedra counselled her to advertise in the leading papers, to offer her services as a sort of companion and maid—any menial work, she said, was honorable and preferable to a life of sin.

We can all be righteous—if we will only use the greatest force within the grasp of men—the faculty of the soul—the sublime power of the human will.

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is sanctified by the doer's deeds.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labour!—all labour is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

The woman wept as she listened to the sweet words of hope and cheer—she was moved beyond expression at the deep concern this stranger, this beautiful young artist had taken in her future welfare.

Oh! she moaned, if only you remained here in Paris, where I might come to see you now and then, and gather strength in my hours of failure.

That is impossible Nedia replied, besides, if you will lift your heart to God, in earnest prayer, He will show you the way—you will find good helpful friends.

And then Nedia had asked the waiter for pen and paper and had penned a note addressed each to several wealthy women friends who were interested in philanthropic work; asking them to extend a friendly helping hand to this lonely orphan young woman and procure her some employment.

Nedia gave her the letters and said: "Don't refer to your past unclean life. Forget the horrid nightmare. Pray to God—gather up your self-respect and go out and face the world bravely and honestly, and I feel it will be vouchsafed you to perform much useful work in this world. Remember the beautiful parable of the snowflake. Pray to God. And do not forget to advertise for employment."

Now we must be going, we have been here nearly five hours. She ordered supper, paid the bill, and both entered a cab and drove to her rooms in the rue Washington.

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Once there Nedia gave Margerite enough money to defray several months' expenses; and then presented her with a souvenir—it was a small framed card with the printed Ten Commandments. Hang these Divine Commandments over the head of your bed, she said, repeat them every day. They will guard you from all harm. The young woman wept and kissed Nedia's hand and begged her for one of her photographs. Nedia could not refuse this last request and so she gave her one and wrote her American address upon the back of it.

"We must soon part, therefore as I take leave of you, my request is, to cast off hatred, and sin—sink into the will of God—take Him for your protector and guide by attention to the sweet influence of His Spirit on the mind, that you may be useful in your day to your fellow mortals here; and as an inward and spiritual worshipper ascend to God, thus it may be well with you here and hereafter.

"Let me hear from you some time, how you are progressing, besides, I shall hear of your success through my friends, and, now, said Nedia as she held out her hand to say good bye, take a cab and go straight to your abode, and may God bless you and be with you. Amen.

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Upon Nedra's arrival in London she had to practice the greatest economy and self denials, during many weeks to make up for her generous contribution to help Margerite; she had meanwhile heard from her Parisian friends in response to her letters which Margerite delivered; one lady had asked the lonely delicate girl to spend a few weeks at her country place to get some fresh air, and then she would procure her suitable work.

Nedra had also received a letter from Margerite, telling of her undying gratitude for all she had done for her.

And Nedra upon receiving the good news, had thanked God for helping the poor friendless girl, and then dismissed the incident from her mind.

And now Margerite had crossed the ocean and sought her out—had called, and sat sipping tea with her.

What changes had come to both, during the intervening five years.

Nedra's disappointments, the obstacles encountered with the non-artistic, soul deadening, vulgar theatrical managers. The new love—and her determination to write a book, openly condemning the evil conduct of the debauching sinful bachelor and his foul trail of the white slave traffic, with its heinous crime of infanticides.

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She would write a book that would compel public attention to the iniquity of the bachelor's doings—and tear the mask from error, crime and greed. Her book would awaken the conscience of the community to its duty—to protect and to apply the remedy—shield its youth and banish the sinful bachelor from the hearts of men.

While Nedra was thus reviewing with flashlight rapidity, the French visitor's first meeting in the boulevard café, with all its subsequent events, Madame Germaine sat the while in silent rapt contemplation of her living saint.

Nedra looked even more beautiful to Margerite than at their first encounter, her soul-lit eyes aglow and sympathy blazing, were even more entrancing. There seemed to be a new, wondrous, ever-permeating light, the light of the new hope—which was born of human endeavor and immortal purpose.

You have not married? she ventured to ask timidly, after a pause.

No! replied Nedra simply. I am still waiting for my ideal!

Can you explain what qualifications your ideal man must possess, asked Margerite, earnestly.

Certainly! replied Nedra, with candor.

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My ideal must be a clean minded, good, honest man—with enough brains to command prosperity, and to be of useful service to others. He must have, above all, that greatest of dynamic powers, a great loving, comprehending, unselfish sympathetic heart. I not only want his love and care, but his respect and admiration.

Ah! she said confidingly, when I am married, I shall never make the mistake of most wives—letting my husband outgrow me in his interests, I will inform myself on all subjects that interest him or touch his career. I will discuss and exchange views of them. Comradeship between man and wife is the secret of happiness.

And you, Nedra queried in her turn, have you found some honest good man to share life's joys and work?

Ah! Margerite sighed sadly, good men are so rare—good women are so little encouraged or appreciated—in fact, I have lost all faith in man's goodness!

Hush! interrupted Nedra. There are many good, worthy men in the world who desire, and yearn, for a good woman; if we will only be patient, and hope, they will come to us. At this rebuke Margerite hung her head in meek submission. She

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explained that a great longing had come over her to behold her precious saint again, so she quit the dear friend to whom Nedra had sent her, and with whom she had spent four very happy years.

She confided her heart's desire to this dear lady, and she encouraged and helped her to obtain a new position; she accepted an engagement as companion maid to a rich, elderly spinster traveler, who resides part of the time in New York.

"Do you remember the photograph of your dear self which you gave me in Paris?" Margerite asked, and without waiting for an answer continued:

"I have had it copied in oil by a well-known French portrait painter. I had two portraits made, one for you, as a slight token of my lasting gratitude, and the other for myself."

Nedra was deeply moved. She silently embraced Margerite and they both shed grateful tears.

Of course, Nedra was glad to see her old acquaintance, especially glad of her honest mode of life, and assured her that she would always be most welcomed. And so they parted.

That evening Nedra sat late into the night in deep thought, how strange, how very strange, she mused, that just when

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I am in the midst of writing my book—this innocent victim of man's lust should again cross my path.

And then another thought flashed through her mind—Father O'Donnell's marriage proposal the previous day, why not, she mused, there is no sex in sin.

They have both traveled the same road—they have both sinned, they both suffer to overcome the evil of the flesh—they can be of help to each other in rescuing others' souls from sin—they are both Catholics. Yes, Nedra said aloud, as if addressing some one, Margerite is the woman to uplift and make him happy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A week had elapsed since Nedie had rejected Father O'Donnell's offer of marriage; they had not seen each other, but they vowed to be bound by the tie of lasting noble friendship.

Father O'Donnell was seated in his library, quietly glancing over his correspondence, when the servant entered and announced a visitor, handing him Nedie's card introducing Mademoiselle Germaine. After a moment's pause, while inwardly battling with a sea of thoughts, he calmly said: "Admit the lady."

Mademoiselle Germaine was ushered into the presence of Father O'Donnell. He received her most courteously. Margerite, with all the refined grace and charm of the Parisian, as she seated herself handed him Nedie's letter, which read in part:

Dear Father O'Donnell:

This will introduce to you my esteemed friend, Mademoiselle Margerite Germaine, a sweet, beautiful soul, who, like yourself, has suffered much wrong—through the

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injustice wrought by others. I commend her to you.

She needs your absolution and your consolation; in granting both, she will in return prove a positive blessing to you here and hereafter.

Love to God and man is the sum of true Religion.

With high appreciation ever,

Your friend,

Nedia Rafuel.

Father O'Donnell stood, pale and earnest, reading and rereading Nedia's letter. After what seemed a long silence, he gently asked Margerite a few questions, and then told her to come to the confessional the following day and he would have her confess to him and receive absolution.

CHAPTER XXV.

Nedia had months ago written Jacob about her noble friend, Father O'Donnell, who devoted much time and labor in comforting the poor and suffering.

Jacob Levy sent a five-hundred-dollar check to the Rev. Father, to be distributed among his poor.

From that time on there arose a delightful correspondence between the two men, and they, for Nedia's sake, were soon fast friends.

"Rev. Father Peter Edward O'Donnell, a Catholic priest, attached to the Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, was expelled from the priesthood for his action of entering into wedlock; which stirred up the entire Roman Catholic archdiocese.

Two days ago the priest disappeared from the rectory; then came a letter from the priest to the Rev. MacManus, archbishop, explaining his attachment for a Catholic young woman, and his intention to marry her. His expulsion from the priesthood soon followed.

Father O'Donnell was thirty-eight years old, and had been a priest for a number of

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years; his strong sermons and love for his chosen work, his unremitting efforts in behalf of the poor made him a general favorite among his parishioners."

Nedia, after reading the above announcement in her morning paper, leaned back in her chair in the quiet of her study.

"Thank God," she said, as if addressing some one; "he has had the manhood and courage to choose right!"

"To thine own better-self be true, and it follows, as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any man."

She sat lost in reverie—thinking of the events of the past few months; the little drama of real life that had had a sordid beginning in Paris—but had grown into the culmination of a romance.

Margerite Germaine had confessed her past to Father O'Donnell—she had told him all; and he had given her absolution.

Then Father O'Donnell spoke of his sinful doings, and asked Margerite to forgive the errors of the flesh; he bared his soul—there was mutual sympathy—they needed each other's help and love; they would work together to help alleviate suffering, and eradicate error from the minds of men.

Nedia thought of the past two days; Father O'Donnell and Margerite had both

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insisted that she accompany them to the City Hall and witness their marriage ceremony. And later in company with Minister Steerwell and a few other friends, after the wedding breakfast in a private dining-room of a fashionable hotel, they all had escorted the bride and groom to the train bound for the golden West to begin a new life. They were going to spend their honeymoon in California.

Father O'Donnell and Margerite were radiating happiness as Nedie kissed them both and bid them Godspeed, and a long, useful, happy life; and then they whirled away to the land of love—to live a complete natural life.

And now Nedie's thoughts again flew to her dearly beloved Jacob, from whom she had that morning received a long letter dated from Berlin.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Jacob Levy had spent six weeks in Berlin. He had written Nedra how much he was impressed with the German capital, with its fine topography, its clean streets and its beautiful parks. He found the German people very hospitable and happy in their humble pursuits; living the simple life, fond of art, thirsting for knowledge and mental growth, and daily enlarging their horizon along the line of fellowship and good-will to all.

Jacob Levy had observed, while traveling through Germany, that the German people were working in the interest of brotherhood.

In one of his letters to Nedra he wrote:

"If the Emperor of Germany ever realized his manifest destiny, peace would follow. He has it in his power to abolish war among civilized nations. All he has to do is to ask Great Britain, France and the United States to unite with him in declaring that, since the world has contracted to a 'neighborhood' and is in constant and instantaneous communication, one part with another, the inter-

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change of products between them amounting to thousands of millions a year, the nations are destined to fulfill a common mission for the benefit of the whole human family, its welfare and civilization.

"The time has passed when any one civilized nation can be permitted to pursue war to slaughter our fellow-man and break that love and peace in which all are so vitally concerned and so deeply interested in securing the maintenance of lasting peace."

Jacob Levy had no difficulty through the kind hospices of the oldest resident Rabbi of Berlin in tracing his father's relatives, all of whom (with one exception) had passed away.

David Levy, his father's cousin, whose father was a Rabbi and a descendant of Rabbis, was a native of Berlin, and was about sixty years old; a writer of repute upon the Talmud and the Bible.

He was the Rabbi of the synagogue at Potsdam.

Thither Jacob Levy went and was warmly welcomed by the learned scholar, who showed him the portraits of his grandparents, and spoke of them with tender reverence, saying that Anselm Levy and his good wife had been widely known and greatly loved, for their piety

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and benevolence; that the one deep sorrow of their life had been the apostasy of their only child, whom they mourned as dead.

Anselm Levy was a great philanthropist. He endowed a number of institutions, both Jewish and of other denomination, for bettering the conditions of the poor.

Jacob Levy related all the events and particulars of his life to his cousin; he told him of his father's dying request—that he return to the house of Israel; he tenderly spoke of Nedie, and also of his deep desire to be taught the Talmud Torah. Rabbi Levy promised to instruct him and give him every possible assistance.

He offered up a prayer of thanksgiving for the sheep who had gone astray, and after his wanderings had returned, in the form of a grandson, to the tents of Jacob, to worship in the "Tabernacle of the Lord."

Nedie was glad to receive Jacob Levy's weekly letters, which were full of interest. Oh! the pure, sweet love that now filled Nedie's heart and lighted up her dark, tender eyes as she thought of him.

Nedie went about with mingled pleasure and sadness, joyous in both her great love for Jacob, and her work for humanity. In one of her letters she told him about the grand aim of her forthcoming book.

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She lived a life of the utmost economy and self-denial in order to be able defray the cost of her work; she continued her writings with feelings of sadness—sad because she saw plainly, like on a huge panorama spread out before her, in all Christian lands the many innocent victims of man's lust—the social outcast seduced and left to perish like a derelict in a large and turbulent ocean; she was sad because of her true knowledge of the ruined and wrecked hearts and blighted souls everywhere to be seen, wrought by the destroyer of pure womanhood—the sinful bachelor. Her book, she hoped, would in the cause of humanity serve to abolish vice and error from men's hearts.

She was now well advanced with the story of her book and wrote Jacob all about it; what was her astonishment to receive in one of his letters a check for the sum of five thousand dollars "in payment for the first copy with the author's inscription." He wrote that "while the enclosed will help defray part of the cost of the work, it will also secure me the privilege to assist the cause—and of possessing the first copy, which I shall always highly prize."

Nedia was deeply moved with Jacob's thoughtfulness and the practical sympathy

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he had shown in her work. For although she was exercising the strictest economy in her personal expenditure, she was sorely pressed to meet the cost of her book, which she was anxious to publish, because she knew it would do much to help cleanse men from sin. The money was received with thanksgiving.

She wrote Jacob and told him how much she appreciated the first subscriber to her work and asked "God to bless him."

I seek in prayerful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that, far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than God bless you!

God bless you! so I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses;
For can there any joy at all
Be thine, unless God blesses?

God bless you! so I breathe a charm,
Lest grief's dark night oppress you;
For how can sorrow bring you harm
If 'tis God's way to bless you?

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee,
The Lord make His face shine unto thee,
And be gracious unto thee."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Jesus said:

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

I have been excommunicated by the church—driven forth; they have cast me off!

Father Peter Edward O'Donnell wrote to his friend Nedra:

"They are relentless—intolerant in their attitude. Already in this sunny land of California, their 'envenomed shafts' of hatred have pursued us!"

But my dear wife's love is a great consolation—her sweet companionship is a positive blessing.

Margerite's wedding gift to me, the oil portrait of your dear inspirational saint, face, graces our humble abode; and our deep gratitude for the great happiness which you have brought into our lives finds daily expression in our deeds and prayers.

We are working for God. And are full of thanksgiving for His great love to mankind.

Brother Steerwell, you know, joined us

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here about six months ago; and he has already succeeded in bringing back to the fold a number of lost sheep, blessed be his drudgery.

We have restored the Church of Happiness—love to man and God. “Peace on earth!”

We have about one hundred followers. and with the Lord’s help we expect every believer on Jesus Christ, every follower of our Lord, to join our sect, the Christian Jew.

Our new sect, the Christian-Jew, is divinely appointed to shadow forth God’s everlasting scheme of grace, and will bear rich, fruitful knowledge both “for doctrine,” for correction and for instruction in righteousness.

Hitherto the plain, irrefutable fact has been overlooked—considering that Jesus was born a Jew, every true follower of Jesus is a Christian-Jew, and should be circumcised and keep holy the (seventh day) Sabbath.

To deny this is certainly to withhold an important privilege from the practicing Christian; to dissuade from it, to encourage the neglect of an incumbent duty.

The Christian world drops a golden principle, for the sake of separating Jesus from His people—the Jews.

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It may be asked why is Christianity ashamed of Jesus' child life with its Jewish home training and influence?

How long will the Church persist in its un-Christlike attitude—with its hopeless obscurities, its incongruities and its contradictions?

Why does the Church persist in its un-Christian attitude of persecuting and despising the Jew who has done so much for the uplift of mankind?

Why does the Church reject Jesus' simple teachings of "love ye one another?"

In looking back at the Church's past we find that history records how in the dark mediæval age—a number of bishops held a conference, to install a Catholic idol; in the beginning of the sixth century, and together with the common masses, they elected one of their bishops and installed him as the infallible Pope.

In the eleventh century, after having their financial Church coffers well filled with the gifts of the common people, the Pope and the bishops decided to arrogate unto themselves the power of election—to make rules to bind the people when they have no voice or representation in affairs—the Pope and the bishops labelled the Jew Jesus a Catholic; and then asserted the "authority of conference or of

us," by order and succession from such a Pope to such a Pope, etc., which deprived the common people of their right to vote for the Popedom.

Then a series of fanatical Blue Laws were issued by the organized rapacity of greedy, worldly men, who had crept into the Church, to the people; and although the Scripture was given to the common people, in the living language, the Catholic masses were "gagged and forbidden" to read the Bible or any other literature except (works of the Church) the "Index Expurgatorious" (?). And so under the iron rule of the self-anointed, self-elected—infallible clay idol—the Pope, emanated the idea of Holy Orders," "Holy Water," "Holy Confession," "Holy Ground," etc.

The head of the Church bestowed upon himself the title of "His Holiness the Pope, Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ." This order of succession is the foundation on which the Church of Rome is predicated to stand—ostensibly transmitted from the poor, ignorant fisherman, Simon Peter, who thrice denied his Master now called St. Peter, down through the Popes (though one of them was a female by the name of Joan) called Pope John XV, elected annos 985; died, 996.

The unspeakable Pope Paul IV, who

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reigned from 1555 to 1559, first issued his wicked, inhuman, fiendish "edict" against Jesus' people; he compelled the Jews to dwell within an enclosure under the title of "Ghetto" and then began his tyrannical system of extortion, of bloody persecution and massacres of innocent men, women and little children.

Pope Paul's monstrous act, hatched under the masquerading cloak of religion, so horrified the world that the merciless "edict" against the Jews was rescinded by Pope Sixtus in annos 1585.

What fat nonsense it is to proclaim the Jew Jesus a Catholic.

In the latter part of the sixteenth century in France, the bigoted, Catholic Christians, were tearing out the tongues of children, torturing men and women for daring to do their own thinking; in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the superstitious, hating Christians continued their work of colossal iniquity. They persecuted all those who differed from their creed; they tortured innocent men and women; they whipped them from town to town, lacerated their naked backs and not only maimed their bodies but took their lives.*

* Read Watson's "annals of Philadelphia."

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The Church has endeavored to stem the march of science; to quote from a celebrated French penal code: "The suspicion of sorcery is alone sufficient to cause a person's immediate arrest. Trial should follow at once, as the devil assists sorcerers in prison. The punishment is death by fire, though it is allowed to strangle a sorcerer first, and afterward burn the body. But wolfmen must invariably be burned alive."

When this code first became law it received the sanction of the Church by the following certificate:

"I, the undersigned, Doctor of Sacred Theology, declare that I have read the said code, in which I find nothing contrary to the Christian religion or to the morality, but consider it as abounding in excellent teachings.

"DELABARRE."

Here we have exposed—beyond peradventure, superior to contradiction, defying sophistry—the brain and heart of the Christian Church of the seventeenth century.

In the twentieth century the Pope blasts "*il Rinnovamento*," a monthly review, published at Milan, Italy, which has been advocating spiritual progress;

have been placed under the ban of the greater excommunication.

Even the printers, contributors, subscribers and readers of the periodical share in the condemnation if they persist in their relations to the publication.

This is the severest blow yet dealt to modernism by the present Pope. Among the penalties of the greater excommunication are deprivation of Christian burial. It relieves the faithful of all duties respecting the bodies and souls of those denounced, whether they be alive or dead.

The magazine, "*il Rinnovamento*," is a scientific periodical. It is not antagonistic to religion, but it opposes the policy of the Vatican to the same extent as do inquiring modernists here and elsewhere. It is read and approved by many educated, sincere Catholics, and is sympathetically regarded by some of the Cardinals and by numerous prelates and clergy.

Several aristocratic families in Milan who are pronounced in their devotion to the Catholic faith are affected, as well as innumerable numbers of readers and supporters.

The directors have replied to the Papal fulmination by an announcement of their intention to continue a firm but respectful resistance to the Vatican's policy, which

they declare is crushing liberty of research, which their review embodies.

This is the form of the greater excommunication, according to the Roman Pontifical published by authority of Popes Benedict XIV and Leo XIII:

"After I have duly admonished A. A. (naming the person) a first, a second, a third and a fourth time to desist from his wrongdoing (designating the nature of the offense), and he has shown his contempt for this admonition, therefore, by the authority of God the Father Almighty, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and of the holy apostles Peter and Paul, and of all the saints (his own contumacy compelling me) I excommunicate him by these presents and pronounce that he be avoided until he has complied with the command given in order that his soul be saved in the Day of Judgment."

This is the "anathema:."

"Because A. A., listening to the devil's suggestions, has by his apostasy disregarded the Christian promises made at the time of his baptism, and is not abashed to defile the Church of God and pillage the ecclesiastical estates and oppress with violence the poor of Christ, we, solicitous lest he perish through pastoral negligence for which we shall have to answer in that

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tremendous judgment before our Chief Pastor, Jesus Christ our Lord, according to the terrible warning of our Lord Himself, 'If you do not make known to the wrongdoer his wrong his blood shall be upon thy hands,' have admonished him canonically once, twice, thrice and a fourth time to repent of his wrong, inviting him to mend his ways and do penance and make restitution, correcting him with paternal affection: But he, alas! spurning our salutary warnings, has, inflated by the spirit of pride, refused to make amends to the Church of God which he has offended.

"Surely we are informed by the precepts of our Lord and the apostles what it is our duty to do in regard to such perverse persons. For our Lord says, 'If thy hand or thy foot scandalizes thee, cut it off and throw it from thee,' and the Apostle says, 'Put away the evil from you.' * * *

"And John, of all disciples the most loved of our Lord, forbids us even to greet such a nefarious person, saying, 'Do not receive him in your house, nor say "Hail" to him;' therefore we cut off from the body of the Church by the iron of excommunication this decayed and irremediable member which will not accept the saving drug, lest by his contagion he infect the other

members of the body, as with poison.

* * *

“And therefore by the judgment of Almighty God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and of St. Peter, the prince of the Apostles, and of all the saints and likewise by our own authority and the power divinely given to us to bind and loose in heaven and on earth, we separate him and all his aiders and abettors from receiving the precious Body and Blood of our Lord and from the society of all Christians; and we exclude him from the threshold of our Holy Mother, the Church, in heaven and on earth, and decree him to be excommunicated and accursed; and we adjudge him to be condemned to everlasting fires, together with the devil and his angels and all those who are reprobate, until he relinquishes the snares of the devil and returns to amendment and penance and makes reparation to the Church of God, which he has offended, until then handing him over to Satan to the destruction of his flesh, that his soul may be saved in the Day of Judgment.”

To curse all those who do not believe in the infallible (?) Pope seems to be regarded rather as an act of devotion than as a sin, or even impropriety. And the vindictiveness and comprehensiveness of

their maledictions, however astonishing, are easily understood when this pious kind of malediction is systematically taught the children from early infancy in the Catholic Parochial schools, and by every religious Catholic family.

The Jews and Protestants are attacked by the anti-Semites—the attack is made by those so-called Christian preachers who, having inherited the spirit of mediæval inquisitors, are ready to apply the fagots—the ban of excommunication.

“For I desire mercy, and not sacrifice; and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings.” (Hosea 6: 6.)

The assumed dignity of short-sighted and benighted man, his self-importance of superior dignity is obnoxious in the sight of God.

“The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace.”

The warring Pope, inflated by the false spirit of pride, has arrogated unto himself the power of casting the Papal fulmination with its blasting anathema against the friends of Liberty and Humanity.

The blasphemy of using the name of God in their “vindictive tactics” of cruel, oppressive work of iniquity has grown to be a “chronic and virulent disease,” which

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only the fierce light of wide publicity will remedy.

The "Church Napoleons" would make heaven itself responsible for their greed and relentless persecution. It is disgraceful and an everlasting shame to those who do their utmost to stir up religious intolerance—to those priests who breed race hatred and add fuel to brutal antagonism—to affect a zeal for God for the benefit of their craft—and to shield themselves from the condemnation they deserve for their treachery to "the rights of man."

It is infamous that any Church (or body of men) should in the name of the meek, loving Jew Jesus persecute his fellowman.

The "Anathema" is a "blasphemous" collection of phrases, of "slimy platitudes," a "jumble of words" and "empty boasting" and must be revolting to every true Christian and to every believer in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The Catholic Church has been the merciless enemy of the scientists; by the burning of Bruna and Servetus, it burned Vanini for writing his dialogues concerning Nature."

Galileo was persecuted for his glorious discoveries, and came near being burned at the stake in the interest of intellectual progress.

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Luther was persecuted in the cause of freedom.

Most of the scientists were persecuted with relentless cruelty by the Christian authorities of their day.

The Catholic Church has always been cursed with parasites—devotees who like nothing better than to hunt in infidel preserves and dangle a line to catch heretical trout.

The Vatican firm fish with both hands; one line is thrown out into the deep water of futurity, while with the other they troll for such smaller fish as they might catch in earthly waters.

Science has led, raised human life—all in spite of the Church. We know how the Church gradually pockets the benefits.

History has proven that wherever the Catholic Church is in power the “pernicious element”—the parasites—the Church snake hisses forth its venomous sting, its rancor, its bitter hatred and its relentless persecution of all other differing creeds.

“If there is a sin more deeply black than others,
Distinguish’d from the list of common crimes,
A legion in itself, and doubly dear
To the dark prince of hell, it is HYPOCRISY.”

The Vatican Mock Oracle is a general bureau of information. It advises con-

cerning the most matter-of-fact affairs of life; in a word, almost every kind of information that a man desires to purchase and is willing to pay for, can be had at Rome.

The Catholic Church is full of pious frauds, of calculating monks, of error, prejudice, persecution and sin—yet it poses as infallible—yet it “casts the first stone.”

What a travesty on the teachings and loving spirit of the Jew Jesus.

A keen glance into the tendencies of the times, what do we see there?

One of the great evils of our land, one that must eventually undermine the strength of our government, is the growing disrespect for the law.

There are now unmistakable signs that the wide public indignation has reached the inquiry stage and is asking why our American country is being invaded by the Vatican; entrenching themselves in every branch of the government, to prey upon a defenseless public, securing immunity through subservient officials they raise to office by unscrupulous means.

The Vatican tools, masquerading under the cloak of religion, come here to poison the minds of the youth. They come here to sap our own foundation of national freedom and religious liberty, and are abso-

lutely mischievous to the people of the whole country.

The Western liberty-loving people here are already beginning to protest against the hundreds of Parochial schools which, under the dark cover of night, mushroom-like spring up all over the land; the Parochial schools are prompted by the most insidious motive—they aim to separate the Catholic children of rising generations from the nation, and thereby disseminate dark superstition, envy, prejudice and hatred—and create factional strife!

The hundreds of Parochial schools are a National abuse, and must be corrected or punished Nationally.

These Parochial schools, hidden under the dark cloak of religion, place them in intimate contact with the youth of the city; are a positive peril and direct menace to the peace and safety of the American people.

Children should be taught religion in their home life by responsible parents.

If the Catholic residents here are opposing our established incomparable American system of Public Schools, the sooner they return to their Catholic countries the better it will be for the peace-loving citizens of the United States. The plain fact is that in all Catholic countries, Spain, Italy,

France, and Belgium, the Catholic religion has crumbled into decay through the scheming crafty machinations of Vatican priest-craft; the "Perpetual Mendicants"—who in the past barbarous centuries of continual persecutions had saddled the Church with its pretentious Hypocrites—its sleek, well-fed, hounding avaricious clericals on to the backs of the people—first taxed them to the utmost—and then drove them to death!

Although the Scriptures in the living language were given to the common people for the first time, who ever since have the privilege to read them, is forbidden by the Grotesque Protagonist of Mediævalism—the Catholic Church, who denies liberty of conscience—and hold its arbitrary sway over the benighted masses—because—like its twin sister, the Greek Catholic Church of tyrannical Russia—it peremptorily forbids its communicants to read the Bible, and the Church History with its torture inquisitions—its bloody past of devil pograms and fiendish massacres.

The dark, stupid, ignorant multitude victims of theologic and dogmatic despotism—have been led on to sanction what they are told under the severest penalties and curses of the Church; hence the power of the priests.

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The ideal citizen is the citizen to whom "no knowledge is foreign."

The scheming Parochial feudal schools, with their incubator convents of "Index Expurgatorious," (?) are being forced unaware upon the American people as a question of Vatican Politics—and are likely to be productive of considerable mischief—with all its subsequent attendant evil—of relentless hatred and persecution of all those who do not belong to their Church, as an acknowledgment of filial devotion and obedience to his Holiness the Pope.

The Jesuits are leagued with the Unholy Alliance for unholy purposes to destroy our Union, our sweet Liberties and overthrow the National Government to install Popedom, and thereby bring in the Roman Vatican theory of Church above State.

Martin Luther was a good Catholic, he was educated to believe in the infallible Pope, but he saw the folly and sin, and therefore opposed some of the vicious errors in the Pope's testimony about the virtue of indulgences for sin—the Church monetary absolution obtained—which destroyed the force of moral obligation. This brought on a dispute between Luther and the enraged Papacy; they reviled, excommunicated, and banished Luther from the Catholic Church.

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The war-cry—slander—sent forth was that “Luther had denied the Saviour and backslid from the Church.” The encyclical was marked for its bitter language.

But the consequences were most important. For it produced a spirit of inquiry, and a search after truth; and as intelligence advanced the Vatican Oracle gradually lost its power and influence.

The clerical matadores have clandestinely attacked me—they have slandered and pursued me—and now, like Luther, I shall meet them in the open—and defend myself—give back blow for blow!

The day of dark superstitions is past—to get the bats and owls out of the barn it is only necessary to open the door and windows and let in the light. Bats and owls will not stay where there is light. It is the same with the ugly brood of superstitions—they naturally get out of the mind into which the light of truth and reason comes.

My dear Saint Nedra, I am heartily in accord with the grand aim in your book, the lesson it will teach to the world concerning the sinful bachelor; be he in or out of the Church he is unfit for decent society.

The Buddhistic origin of religious celibacy, and non-sanctity of the body,

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may be readily known by any casual student of religious history.

The anti-marriage philosophy of the nuns and priests in past centuries have been recorded in some of the blackest pages of history!

Wherever this un-Christian heresy has been taught and believed it has produced nothing but discord, misunderstanding, suffering and barren lives; and in many instances it has developed cases of perverted sexual instinct.

No Christianly logical excuse can be offered for this line of Buddhistic thought.

The day for apology for the celibate priest is "over;" based on the fundamental principle that two and two make four, not sometimes, but all the time.

Unless the priest be made a eunuch, there is no getting away from the plain, undeniable fact that the priest, conditioned by his mortal state—posing as a celibate—is a sham—he defiles himself and others—and is a moral leper.

In conclusion will say that as an American patriot who prizes his Americanism and his citizenship far above any question of Vatican politics—I love the American Catholics but would save them from the unctious sanctimonious cant,—the sowers of dark superstition and hatred—from

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the unnatural conflict of man against man—and from being driven to death by the greed of the Vatican clericals.

The Parochial school is the enemy of American citizenship; we must not allow those forces of corruption to destroy our Republic which “destroyed the Republic of Rome.”

Therefore we must not lose sight of the fact that “Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty,” and that we must be watchful of all legislation.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?"

"He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart."

Nedia was glad to hear from her dear old friends, Father O'Donnell and Minister Steerwell, who had joined hands to work together in the vineyard of the Lord.

She was especially glad to hear that they were practicing the love of brotherhood, and preaching the "Church of Happiness."

She wrote:

My dear Christian brethren, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

"But his delight is in the way of the Lord, and in His law doth he meditate day and night; for the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

"Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him."

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Israel alone among all the nations of the world endures voluntary martyrdom for the sake of sanctifying the name of the "Holy One, Blessed Be He."

The so-called Christians preach the gospel of love, but practice hate; liberty is trampled upon by brutal force and persecution; their infamous conduct is the most damning blot on Christianity.

I heartily concur with you that the false Christians hiding under the cloak of religion must be exposed to the powerful light of truth—the widest publicity is the best preventive measure against crime; publicity is the most important feature of public defense and good government and the best medium of securing aid from all good citizens in the ferreting out of criminals.

You doubtless know that the most wicked wrongs this world has ever witnessed, wrongs that have cried out to Heaven for relief, have been those wrongs that have been inflicted upon innocent men, women and little children by so-called Christians in the name of religion.

So-called Christians have been guilty before God in their monstrous system of injustice, greed, and pillage that lies at the foundation of the persecution of the

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Jews; and the Christian Church has a heavy account to answer.

Man arrayed against man creates injustice and suffering.

Let there be an end of the iniquity that has made the hells, the fagots, the inquisitions, the bitterness of the Christendom of the past.

“Ye hypocrites, ye whited sepulchres, beautiful without, but full of dead men’s bones and all uncleanness within. O, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?”

It is to those indifferent, neutral spectators, the priests, and bishops, and cardinals—the great churchmen of to-day, who still persist in their iniquity of hounding and persecuting the Jews, that Jesus would thus speak—for quietly fostering and countenancing the outrageous tortures perpetrated upon innocent victims in Jesus’ name.

Contempt for human rights is a criminal attitude for a (Christian?) Church.

“Ye have not the spirit of Jesus among you.”

The Church must rid itself of its barbarous relics—the accumulated débris of ages; its graven images—its dead men’s bones—its circus parades—decked out in gaudy finery, pompously blessing clay

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images and painted ikons of departed saints, etc.

The Church must rid itself of its cruel spirit of hatred and persecution."

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

Leave the gloom of hatred and the squalid competition of degrading service to secure material gain; come out from your "whited sepulchres" into the glorious sunlight of Justice and Brotherly Love.

It is by recognizing facts rather than ignoring them that true progress is accomplished.

The Christian persecutor who comes to America—to this glorious land of freedom—with the insidious, cunning, wicked aim of creating friction among the classes, of maliciously inciting the masses into rancorous hostility—generating civil feuds—will find (like Napoleon, the avowed Patron of the Romish Church) "his Waterloo."

The Saint of Milan, St. Ambrose, in reply to a question by a Catholic devotee, said:

"When I am in Milan I do not fast on Saturday; when at Rome, I do fast on Saturday. So likewise you, whatever Church you come to, observe the custom of the place, if you would neither give

offense to others nor take offense from them. When at Rome do as the Romans do."

The Catholic Parochial schools are anti-American and should be "at Rome."

The patriotic American people must guard and protect their sacred heritage—the public school.

The public schools beget patriotism—they strengthen the bond of fellowship and equal and exact justice; they are the National security.

The love of fair play and justice is dear to every true American heart: "Liberty and Union."

"The essential principles of our government * * * compressed within the narrowest compass, are equal and exact justice and the pursuit of happiness to all men, of whatever state or persuasion, religious or political—peace, commerce and honest friendship with all nations—'entangling' alliances with none."

Our glorious Constitution is founded on the Divine Ten Commandments.

The grace of our Lord be with you.

"Dare to be your best self."

Justice and courage face new situations, and are undeterred by unknown tracks.

"The erring past must be remedied in the present age.

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“Now is the accepted time.”

The highest religion is only now dawning upon Christian intelligence; they are beginning to realize the futility of the unnatural conflict of man arrayed against man.

Your sect, the Christian Jew, is bound to create a new epoch in Christian life.

May God speed your efforts!

Sow now the Seeds of Better Deed and Thought—
Light Other Lamps while yet thy Light is beaming,
The time is short!

You are doing the Lord's work in behalf of the people—living in a spirit of love and spreading Jesus' Christianity.

Brotherly love will be developed on a permanent basis by increasing average human intelligence and knowledge.

There is growing apace in the world to-day a social spirit—not a spirit of sociability or of socialism—but a spirit of service—of coöperation of brotherly love.

For almost three thousand years the Jew has striven heartily and unceasingly for the three Basic principles of true civilization—Freedom and Peace and Universal brotherly love.

The Judaism of Jesus' Christianity is love, helpfulness, service for others.

“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with

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all thy heart, with all thy soul and with all thy might, and thy neighbor as thyself.

"We are proud of our race for what it has done for the regeneration of mankind. The Jews are the grand examples of the world, for blessed are the peacemakers."

"The Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee; and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising" (60: 1, 3).

Whatever may betide other nations; the "sure word of prophecy" (where unto we do well to take heed)—take the great event so intimately connected with the regeneration of the world—when Jerusalem shall be the throne of the Lord to all nations, "for salvation is of the Jews."

Truth is divine.

The struggles of Abraham with idolatry—are the struggles of Israel as a nation with the forces of idolatry, and the final triumph of Abraham in showing God condemning human sacrifice is a triumph of the people of Israel over the barbaric rites of ancient peoples.

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, City of our God!"

The Spirit of Truth will eventually make all hearts to behold the truth as one soul; the time is coming when the

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Christian-Jew will help exalt Israel, and all the Christian nations will join with "glad tidings of great joy" to help the restoration of the Jewish commonwealth; it will be the triumph of Christianity to restore Jerusalem to Israel—that:

"The law may go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

"This people have I formed for myself, saith Jehovah; they shall show forth my praise; in the Lord shall all the seed of Israel be justified and shall glory; and I will place salvation in Zion for Israel my glory!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

The friendship between Father O'Donnell and Nedra was now so firm and lofty as was that, in the Middle Ages, of Paula and Jerome. There is nothing more radiant and inspiring than the moral beauty of the soul. The love that this creates is tender, sympathetic, kind, and benevolent. Nothing could be more unselfish and beautiful than the love with which Nedra now inspired Father O'Donnell, who had nothing to give, and nothing to ask but sympathy and kindness. He viewed Nedra as Dante did his Beatrice, though not with the same sublime elevation for the object. Dante's devotion was, on the whole, imaginary, the worship of qualities which existed in his own mind alone; whereas the admiration of Father O'Donnell was based on the real presence of a beautiful young woman, animated by a lovely soul. Sincerity and truthfulness were the first conditions of their friendship, purified by lofty thoughts, without which any friendship will die, for how can that live which is based on corruption or a falsehood? Anything sensual in friendship

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undermines esteem, and leaves a residuum of self-reproach. Moreover, there is no depth in the enjoyment of passing pleasures which are sure to degrade. The snares and labyrinths of sensual love are wholly unknown in the realm of friendship. In the atmosphere of admiration, respect, and sympathy, suspicion dies, and base desires pass away for lack of their accustomed nourishment.

Nedia and Father O'Donnell's friendship, based on sympathy, with the constant struggle with temptations, became strengthened every day by mutual appreciation, and by that frank and genial intercourse which can exist only between cultivated and honest people.

Nedia had months ago introduced Minister Steerwell to Father O'Donnell, and the two men, whose minds were growing spiritually, and who were destined to bring great spiritual progress into the lives of so-called Christians, became much attached to each other. It was a grand friendship which bound those noble hearts.

It is not usually in cities that friendships are supposed to thrive. People are too pre-occupied, too busy, too distracted, to appreciate that which man most needs, true friendship. "*Magna civitas, magna*

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solitudo," It is in cities where real solitude dwells, since friends are scattered, and crowds are not company, and faces are only as a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

In friendship there should be no selfishness; in selfishness lies the source of our bitterest sorrows.

The world is full of false friendship of the sort which seeks those from whom it expects favors and cools when the hope of reward ceases, but there is no surplus of the friendship which is "more inclined to confer a favor than to claim any return."

True friendship is not satisfied to be always the recipient. It is a fountain from which must flow the great stream of brotherly love and obligation.

"The only way to have a friend is to be one." That is the very essence of friendship.

Such a man as Father O'Donnell, so learned and pious, so courtly in his manners, so broad and eloquent in his teaching, so independent and fearless in his spirit, so brilliant in conversation, the spiritual director became an ardent and sincere friend of a gifted young Jewess—a friendship which both greatly valued, and which the test of time made more precious.

CHAPTER XXX.

Whatever comes to you to be done, do it with the best within you.

The regeneration of the human heart comes not by force from without, but from the growth of the spirit within.

Years of study, travel and constant observation had impressed Nedra with one pregnant fact—that much misery and unhappiness is caused in the world because people start on the journey of life poorly equipped; either through ignorance or neglect—they do not understand the value of life.

To have good health is half the happiness of existence; to complete life is to make it worth while!

Holiness is the ethical ideal for the individual.

We must be not only observers, but workers; extending the practical help, indicating the significance of the dictum of the ancient Rabbi, who emphasized that theory or principle was not as important as practice. We pay too little attention to-day to the subject of health and the care of our bodies.

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Nedia felt disease and sickness was preventable if people would only observe the first simple law of nature.

To love peace and pursue it; to love one's fellow-men and bring them near the law!

Nedia had an idea to write a guide to health and have the booklet translated and copies distributed in the millions (gratis) to the school children in the different countries to set them thinking intelligently along the correct line, that they should have a thorough scientific preparation for obtaining health.

In one of her letters to Jacob Levy she told him all about it; she said:

"The pen is mightier than the sword!"

The aim of the guide is to assist the development of the child physically, morally and intellectually, the observance of which will be able to help solve the health question which comes to the fore in so many different phases of our life.

"I want you to share in the blessed work of sowing the seed of thought, of health and happiness far and wide.

"I want to relieve the poor of their poverty," she wrote.

"I want to make the wretched, hopeless ones feel there is sympathy and love for all in this world, and that life is worth while if we will help others.

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“Enclosed is the Mss. of my booklet entitled: ‘The Philosophy of Longevity, or the ‘Fountain of Youth.’”

He who has a truth and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs;
But performs a selfish action,
And his fellow-mortal wrongs.

To have health with all its blessings—contentment and happiness—observe the following rules:

Learn to breathe correctly (deep breathing which uses the whole lung capacity).

Deep breathing will stir up our corpuscles, throw off our lethargy and better our health.

Train your mind; adhere to correct dieting—build up.

Work for yourself. Concentrate your mind on your task.

Many a child fails in studies and breaks down and becomes a prey to disease. Millions of premature deaths occur because the correct way of breathing is not understood.

Prevention is better than cure. Realize that fact now. It will do no good to realize it too late.

Many a child can be saved from life-long nervous debility, destroyed health,

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through the knowledge (and acquired habit) of correct breathing.

The following directions deserve the immediate consideration of the public schools (?) and of all who have the welfare and the life of its people in their charge:

If cleanliness, proper ventilation and correct breathing were daily practiced the different countries could be free from consumption in forty years.

Much time and energy is wasted in useless studies; how many minds are growing?

We often see men and women with all their intelligence, with all their years of study and learning, are lamentably ignorant of the elementary science of health, of correct breathing, and are often heedless upon the subject that is of most vital importance both to themselves and the generations which are to come after them, the strength and health of their own bodies.

For man, woman and child correct carriage is the secret of youth, health and beauty.

Live much in the open air and breathe deeply the while.

While walking or sitting the head must be held correctly, with the chin tipped upward. If it is allowed to droop, causing

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the flesh to hold beneath the chin, all contour will be destroyed and muscles that should be a support become practically paralyzed. The muscles of the body can be developed by exercise until their strength has increased manifold, and ten minutes' proper training each day will accomplish this result.

In standing properly the weight is thrown on the balls of the feet, not on the heels. Assume an erect carriage of the body at all times.

Nothing is quite so good as daily exercise for straightening round shoulders and bent backs. If the cords and muscles that directly bear on these parts of the body are called into play, they become strong and are capable of doing their work, and thus the trouble corrects itself.

Daily watchfulness.—A little care each day will enable any man, woman or child to have a graceful carriage.

Deep breathing with exercise is necessary for expansion of the lungs and diaphragm stretches internal organs or muscles that are not benefited by merely lifting the arms.

When going through these movements open the window to get fresh air, and do not wear tight clothing.

Begin the exercise by letting the arms

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hang loose in front, the palms of the hands touching. Keep the mouth closed, then draw a deep breath through the nostrils and slowly raise the hands until the arms are high about the head. There should be a stretch at the final height, so that cords in the shoulders are pulled. Hold this position while mentally counting five slowly, and then gradually bring the arms down, exhaling at the same time through the mouth. This movement should be repeated four or five times.

Raise hands high above head and slowly bring each arm down at the side, making a half circle. The hands should be against the thighs at the end of the stroke, and during the downward sweep the arms must be stretched to their full length. Keep the mouth closed. Draw a deep, full breath before the beginning, and slowly exhale as the arms go down. This movement, like the first, should be done several times in succession upon arising in the morning and before retiring in the evening.

A simple motion that is frequently incorrectly done because it is so easy is to hold in both hands a cane or umbrella at arms' length above the head, and then bring it down behind the shoulder blades.

To do this properly insures straightness

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and good poise, but the secret of its benefit consists in holding the cane behind the head when in air. If it is on a line with the head, the poise is lost and only regained as the stick goes down. It is a good thing to do this before a mirror, and make sure that the hands do not describe an outward curve in coming down.

They must be brought down straight or the exercise is useless. Be very careful in all exercises not to thrust the abdomen forward. It must be held firmly in place, as it will be naturally if the body is correctly poised.

The weight of the body should always be thrown on the balls of the feet, not on the heels, in order to insure a correct carriage. A windmill motion will complete a course of exercises that cannot fail to improve the figure. For this last movement light dumb-bells should be used.

They must be held firmly in both hands, and the right arm thrust high above the head, while the left one is held straight down. Then as the right arm is lowered the one down is raised, stretching from the shoulders all the time, but taking care to stand erect. Thus when one hand reaches the lowest point the other is at the highest.

After practice one can do this motion

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quite rapidly, and the arms being constantly in motion the exercise will eventually take off superfluous flesh from the waist and will prevent enlargement of the abdomen.

None of the work given will have the slightest effect unless it is done so that the muscles as well as the joints are exercised.

Temporary lameness may result, but it will be of short duration.

Practice deep breathing when walking.

Exercise your lungs by throwing back your shoulders, straightening up your neck, pointing up your chin and breathing deeply.

The life value of deep breathing should be emphasized and form a part of the school curriculum.

Every student should be made to feel that the success of his life is dependent upon the highly important foundation of health acquired by the daily habit of deep breathing.

There should be emphasized in the school curriculum the importance of the sense of gratitude.

Children are naturally ungrateful. See how cruelly they treat animals and poor old people.

The long path of scientific endeavor is strewn with the bones of martyrs—but it

is questionable how few, if any, of our children ever even remember the names of those noble souls whose persistent, undaunted struggle to achieve for mankind—and who sacrificed their lives—that posterity may enjoy the fruits of their labor.

If children were daily taught a lesson of heartfelt expressed gratitude for those who so courageously strove for improving and bettering conditions, we would not see the hideous spectacle of the cruel, unthinking spirit of so many heartless, selfish grown-ups—and so many ungrateful children casting aside their helpless old parents. The principles of gratitude should be part of the education of childhood, and the practice in mature years.

Children should be taught the faculty—the habit of expressing gratitude. For example, how few children know even the name Johann Gutenberg, the inventor of printing, through whose persistent efforts knowledge has been so largely scattered to the remotest corners of the earth!

Printed works enable us to widely distribute knowledge. The greatest need to-day of mankind is knowledge.

If knowledge were more profusely distributed and more properly understood by the people men would not be in continual

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conflict with each other—prejudice, greed and crime would vanish from our midst; and in its stead there would be sympathy, helpful service, coöperation and brotherly love.

The average man, in relation to himself, is a democrat, but in relation to his neighbor he is a tyrant.

Education is not the result of a course of study; it is the result of a course of experience.

The child should be taught by study and practice the daily habit of expressing gratitude. To stimulate the imagination and feed the starved mind on gratitude, to arouse an appetite for knowledge and history in the child, ten minutes daily should be devoted to the memory of the different great benefactors of the world. Men who have left in permanent concrete form the rich store of knowledge laboriously and painfully accumulated for the benefit of mankind.

In the public school, for example, on each calendar day the anniversary of the birth of a public benefactor, a prayer of thanksgiving should be offered for the splendid soul who graced and enriched this earth, together with a short biographical sketch to instruct and stimulate and develop the nobler attributes of the child.

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Turn to the birth of Columbus, Galileo, Newton, Dante, Nobel, and the others comprising the great army of discoverers, inventors, poets and statesmen.

A blossom of praise should be offered annually to keep green the memory of those mighty pioneers of progress.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Jacob Levy had been six months in Berlin receiving daily instruction in the Talmud Torah from Rabbi David Levy, who was very proud of his pupil, and had written to Nedia telling her how much he appreciated Jacob's spiritual progress, and how much they were indebted to her for the influence of her beautiful character.

And then there began an ideal exchange of letters between Nedia and Rabbi David Levy.

Jacob Levy's weekly missives to Nedia were full of undying love for her and rosy hopes for the future, all of which were warmly reciprocated in her answers to him; their eloquence flowed like a beautiful stream, wherein myriads of clear diamond-studded thoughts were reflected. He had gladly done what she had asked of him in reference to having her booklet, "The Fountain of Youth," translated into the different languages. He arranged with a well-known publisher to have millions of copies of the work printed and distributed (*gratis*) among the growing children so that the seeds be sown far and wide of knowledge, health and happiness.

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Nedia felt so proud of his manly love, and of his active interest in the welfare of humanity.

The letters between Nedia and Jacob Levy were full of mutual confidence and brilliant hopes. In one of them he said:

"I have endowed several institutions in memory of my dear parents, and have induced Cousin David to get a couple of months' leave of absence from his congregation in order to accompany me on my journey to the Holy Land. We expect to start in a few weeks.

"I delayed answering your last letter, sweetheart, because, I was somewhat souf-frant, but am quite well again; like Abraham, I have now become a practicing Jew!"

Blest be the dear, uniting love,
Which will not let us part,
Our bodies may far hence remove—
We still are one in heart.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"Blest Land of Judea—thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng,
In the shade of thy palms, by the shore of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee."

Upon Jacob Levy's arrival with his cousin David in Jerusalem he wrote to Nedia:

"Words are inadequate — human language fails to express the wondrous feeling which overwhelms the visitor as he gazes for the first time on 'The City world of God.' "

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast kept us in life, and hast preserved us and established us to reach this season."

Cousin David's mind is a veritable treasure house of Talmudical lore. He explained to me this Sabbath eve, while we were wending our way through the narrow streets to attend service at the synagogue, that no city on earth can boast of a greater celebrity or a higher antiquity than "The City of the Great King;" it was founded by "Melchisedec

(Shem), the righteous King," the second son of Noah—the illustrious ancestor and eminent type of all the great Prophets in Israel. Nor is there on all the earth another spot so well entitled to a place in our affections, or a page in history, as this venerable place, where Melchisedec was the first "Priest of the Most High God."

Perhaps there is not, on all the wide earth, another Sabbath day's journey so richly suggestive of the future, or so replete in soul-stirring reminiscences of the past, as the footpath from the Holy City to the Mount Moriah.

It is first mentioned on the page of history in the account of the memorable interview between Abraham, the "Father of the faithful," and the "Priest of the Most High God" (Gen. xiv: 18), under the name of Salem.

"Then on the third day he lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off" (Gen. xxii: 2, 4).

Upon whose sacred hills Abraham reared an altar to the heart-rending trial of his faith—to offer up his son—his only son, Isaac, whom he loved.

"Jehovah-Jireh" ("the Lord will provide") is the cheering appellation by which the eastern portion of the site of Jerusalem is designated by Jehovah, when

visited again by the venerable patriarch on another occasion no less memorable (Gen. xxii: 14). But from the invasion of Palestine by Joshua to the complete subjugation of the city by David—a period of about five hundred years—it seems to have gone under the name of Jebus or Jebusi (Josh. xviii: 28; Jud. xix: 10; Sam. v: 6).

Thenceforward it was known as Jerusalem, or, more properly, Jerushalaim (Holy City, and that portion of it re-edified and enlarged by David), Zion and the City of David—specific appellations which, though at first appropriated to certain portions only, were afterwards used with such latitude as to indicate the city generally. Under Abraham “it was called Salem or Solyma.”

The opinion is entertained by many that Jerusalem is merely derived of Jebus-Salem—a name by which it is supposed to have been called when the two cities, Jebus and Salem, became united—the b passing gradually into r merely for the sake of euphony.

Others derive the name from Salem or Shalem, peace, preceded by the word Jireh slightly altered; and others again from Jeru, *they shall see*, and Salem, *peace*.

The Rabbins reconcile these conflicting

theories by the following etymological gloss:

"The name of that place is Jehovah-Jireh. Say they, Abraham called the name of the place Jireh;

Shem called it Shalem. Saith God, if I shall call it Jireh it will displease Shem the just; if I shall call it Shalem it will displease Abraham the just; I will therefore put that name upon it which was put upon it by both—Jireh-Shalem—Jerushalaim—Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is divided into three general sections, called quarters—the Jewish, Christian, and Mohammedan — Haret Yehudy — Haret En Nassaraneh — and Haret el Mussulmin.

Jerusalem has four gates, called the gates of Abraham (or Damascus Gate), David, Sion, and Jehosaphat (or the Golden Gate).

On Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the house of David and those of the Kings who reigned after him; those righteous persons who died shall be resurrected—"When the dead shall live again."

For straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto Life Eternal.

If you leave the city by the Gate of Jehosaphat, you may see the pillar erected on Absalom's place, and the sepulchre of

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King Uziah and the great spring of Shiloh, which runs into the brook Kedron, and Mount Olivet.

HEBRON—What visions loom up before us! Much of the lifetime of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob was spent in this neighborhaad where they were all entombed. David, on becoming King of Judah, made Hebron his royal residence; here he reigned seven years and a half, and here he was anointed King over all Israel.

In the distant East the chatoyant tints of azure-red picture forth the variegated mountains of Moab and Ammon, the valley of Rephaim; your eyes undoubtedly rest on Pisgah's top, from whose towering height the great law-giver, Moses, was favored with a sight of this "goodly mountain." And on either side of the Kedron the soul-affecting emotions that swell up in viewing Gethsemane, and Calvary—where the son of the house of David—the Prince of Peace—gave His all to help mankind ascend on high, saying, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call on Him while He is near."

What overwhelming recollections and sensations oppress us as we gaze on Macpelah, the tomb of the prophets, the village of Bethany, and then down on the pent-up waters of the Dead Sea, and look

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back through the long vista of thirty-eight centuries!

In no other city, perhaps, on earth are there so many and such distinct races of men and grades of religion as are to be found in Jerusalem—the sensual, fair-skinned Turk—the swarthy, turbulent Arab—the barbarous, ebony-skinned African—the superstitious, circumventing Christian of every hue and dye, and the down-trodden, Banquo-like Israelite, the wanderer of every clime—a stranger on his own heaven-given soil!

Under the general name of Jerusalem the Holy City has now occupied a prominent position on the page of history for nearly thirty-eight long centuries, which shows it to be at least 1168 years older than Rome, the self-yclept “Eternal City” and “Mistress of the world.” If any city on earth deserves the appellation of “Eternal,” it is Jerusalem. It shall become “an Eternal excellency.” God has chosen it as His dwelling-place forever.

This venerable city, so celebrated in the lays of that prince of lyric poets—David—“the sweet singer of Israel,” as “beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth,” occupies an irregular site on a kind of cloven tongue of land, being almost surrounded by two valleys and intersected

by a third, and is situated on the central chain of limestone mountains, running north and south through Palestine. This sacred site is separated from the hills, or as they are called in one of the "Songs of Degrees" (Ps. cxxv: 2), "Mountains that are round about Jerusalem," on all sides, except the northwest, where its connection with the great mountain range of Judea is maintained by a broad ridge or isthmus from the northwest.

The observer, on approaching Jerusalem by way of the Jaffa road, which lies on this ridge, beholds the Kedron valley commencing very gradually on the left of this ridge before he reaches Wely Kamah (more than half a mile from the northwest corner of the Wady-el-Werd) from the valley of Rephaim; and farther on another ridge or gentle swell also starting on the right (nearly opposite Wely Kamah), dividing the plain of Rephaim from the (so-called) Gihon.

No place can boast of a situation more eligible in many respects than that of the City of the Great King, though it unquestionably labors under some disadvantages. The city is about six miles in circumference. This consecrated spot, where the Lord has so graciously recorded His name, may still be regarded as "set in the midst

of the nations"—intermediately and conveniently situated between Asia and Africa, America and Australia, Europe and the "Isles of the Gentiles;" and hither the "tribes," not only of Israel but of all nations, still go up—for it is the "Sacred City," not only of the Jews, but of Moslems and of Christians, "even to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."

According to accurate observations recently made, it lies in north latitude $31^{\circ} 46' 45''$ and $35^{\circ} 13'$ east longitude from Greenwich—about thirty-three miles from the Mediterranean, and half that distance from the Jordan and Dead Sea, at an elevation of 2610 feet above the level of the former, and about 3,927 above the latter.

At such a towering altitude the climate of Jerusalem, as may be well supposed, is somewhat different from that of the more depressed regions that surround it, its temperature, of course, being much less elevated, and owing to the vicinity of the ever-snowcapped peaks of the Lebanon on the north, the burning desert of Arabia on the south, and the mild Mediterranean on the west, it must ever have been as it now is, subject to sudden and considerable vicissitudes of temperature.

It will be perceived from thermometrical

and barometrical tables that its highest point—92° F. in the shade, and 143° in the sun—is attained in August; and its lowest—28°—occurs in January.

But the extremes of temperature are probably greater now in the general absence of forests and all vegetation, resulting from the suppression of the “latter rain,” than in the days of its prosperity. Summer now prevails more than half the year, but, notwithstanding this long prevalence of warm temperature, the heat at Jerusalem is much more endurable than in any portion of the Atlantic coast of the United States. This is due only to its elevated position, where the evaporation of perspirable matter takes place so readily and the consequent reduction of temperature is so considerable, but to a northwesterly breeze from the Mediterranean, which uniformly springs up as soon as the ground becomes somewhat heated—about eight o’clock in the morning—and continues till ten at night.

Properly speaking, there are but two seasons in Palestine at the present time—and, indeed, the Scripture mentions no others—“winter and summer, cold and heat, seed time and harvest,” or wet and dry.

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As soon as the winter rain sets in all nature becomes reanimated, and the parched surface of the earth is "decked in living green;" but it is not till after the vernal equinox that it becomes arrayed in its gaudiest floral mantle. Then "the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, and the flowers appear."

"A delightful land, saith the Lord of Hosts."

The climate is about the same as in California; the rainy season commences very gradually in the fall and continues for a few short months, and that during the remaining seven or eight months there is not a single shower or "sprinkle."

That Palestine was originally a well watered country is not only to be inferred from its former dense population and its exuberant fertility, as well as from numerous other causes, but is abundantly certified by the declaration of Moses that it was a "land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills—that drinketh water of the rain of heaven."

How, then, are we to account for the present sparse supply of fountains and brooks?

Not entirely by the diminution of rain—for it rains more copiously in Palestine

even at this day than it does in the United States. It is ascribable mainly, no doubt, to the general denudation undergone by the country in the lapse of ages—for, that Palestine was at one time richly clothed with forests and herbage is not only directly testified in the Scriptures, but the very phrase by which it is so frequently designated—"a land flowing with milk and honey"—significantly implies it. On entering into covenant with Israel, His chosen people, Jehovah solemnly assures them—"If ye shall hearken diligently to my commandments which I command you this day, to love the Lord your God, and serve Him with all your heart, and with all your soul, then I will give you the rain of your land in His due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayst gather in thy corn and thy wine and thy oil, and I will send grass in thy fields for thy cattle; the land shall yield her increase, and the trees of the field their fruit; and your threshing shall reach unto vintage, and the vintage shall reach unto sowing time; the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed, and the mountain shall drop wine, and all the hills shall melt."

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"See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of draught remove:

"Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage,
Grace which like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age."

The column of atmosphere pressing upon the bosom of the Dead Sea and the plain of Jericho is at least thirteen hundred feet taller than that at Beirut, Tyre, Jaffa, Gaza, or any other seaport of Palestine, and is more than three-fourths of a mile higher than that resting upon Jerusalem and its immediate environs; hence that teeming tropical luxuriance for which it was so highly extolled by Josephus. It was on account of its production of the celebrated balm and other rare and valuable drugs and fruits that Cleopatra induced Pompey to take it away from Herod the Great and annex it to the dominions of the Pharaohs.

During the palmy days of Judea, when the land was seasonably watered by the later rains, and subjected to irrigation by means of the "brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills," originally there was per-

haps no spot on all the earth that could compare with that narrow belt of land between "the former and hinder sea" (the Mediterranean and Dead Seas), in point of variety and richness of vegetable productions, and especially that portion of it twelve or fifteen miles east of the Holy City, when it was "well watered, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar."

The past of Jerusalem is overflowing with thought. But the future is equally impressive. These ruins are not always to remain.

The future Temple shall be rebuilt and restored to Israel, claim the most earnest thought—is full of importance; and whether we look back or forward we have to speak of Zion as "the joy of the whole earth, for salvation is of the Jews."

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God!"

Our only charter to Palestine is the Bible.

The Bible study is not to be a study of anthology, but a study of religious development; "To cleave to God!"

The binding force of the Bible, its religious authority, is derived from God Himself!

To me every word of the Bible is equally

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sacred. Every word is a revelation of God. Not a revelation of God by Himself, but a revelation of God by His chosen people, the children of Israel.

Zionism is as old as Judaism itself. The Holy City is essentially a religious city. No stronger emotions are experienced anywhere upon earth than at the "City of Solemnities:"

"See what manner of stones and what buildings are here!"

"Palaces, temples, and piles stupendous,
Whose very ruins are tremendous."

"Because they call thee an outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after, behold, I will bring again the captivity of Jacob's tents and have mercy on his dwelling-places, and the city shall be builded upon her own heap, and the palace shall remain after the manner thereof"—"it shall not be plucked up nor thrown down forever."

Then shall the Holy City truly become the joy of the whole earth!

Of Jerusalem, Jehovah says, "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands: thy walls are continually before me: I will make of thee an eternal excellency."

"Sweet Nedia, I earnestly hope that in

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the near future we will visit these sacred shrines together. I shall not attempt to enter into every particular scene; you must imagine for yourself. But, connected as it is with our past and future, surely there is no spot on earth like Jerusalem."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Nedia had now completed her work—which was to fight the sordid enemies of decency—and clear out the evil, illicit, corrupting influences invading our home life—and all that which debauches society.

She took her Mss. to a “publication society” who posed as a philanthropic concern, and who collected funds and solicited donations from the community ostensibly for the specific purpose to publish works that were to correct evils of existing conditions; she found them hostile, unfriendly and unmindful.

Nedia received the impression that said society was in reality intended to merely fortify the social and political position of some of the members of the Board of Directors.

The high-salaried secretary, the authoritative representative of this philanthropic firm, refused point blank to even consider the Mss., because, forsooth, they feared it would displease their wealthy subscribers and patrons; from the title of the book they said they could judge the work; they had never published anything like it

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before—therefore, there was no precedent, they patronizingly replied that they only published books by recognized authors of world-wide reputation; they refused her work, they rebuked her for her insistent daring, and they snubbed her for her effort.

Nedia left these subservient (hypocritical) wiseacres; she had only a feeling of contempt for this so-called philanthropic literary publication society whose official members were feeding at the public crib, and whose only aim was to draw revenue from the community.

The peace-loving Nedia feared no one but God. She possessed that highest form of courage that tramples under foot precedent, when precedent is wrong; that ignores customs when customs prove destructive to the soul; she was filled with deep religious feeling and a keen sensitiveness to human suffering.

Nedia heard and obeyed the voice of God in the central depth of her being; she knew that the deplorable plight of the "Social outcast" was a damning blot on society—the bachelor's mode of living was a crime against humanity!

After encountering many disappointments, and many discouragements, she eventually paid the price—she suffered

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and was ill at heart—but she published her book—which was to become a world embracing permanent protest and condemnation of the “Sinful Bachelor,” the corrupter of society and the debaucher and destroyer of pure womanhood!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.'

During the first few months of Jacob Levy's sojourn in Jerusalem, in company with his cousin David in the course of his migrations, he visited the shrines and offered up many a prayer for the suffering and oppressed; he made many donations to the various institutions. He mingled with the masses, he saw the actual conditions of Palestine, he carried away the impression that they were thrifty and industrious; he was surprised to see the large element of Jewish merchants and laborers to be seen in their special fields; upon earnest inquiry Jacob Levy found that many of those men were struggling courageously against great odds—and were hard pressed for means to get a foothold to earn a livelihood.

He had been for a long time impressed with the importance of giving timely aid—to foster the seeds of ambition, so as to encourage a spirit of comradeship and mutual help.

As a concrete expression of love for others he started a "Strugglers' Fund," where a man could get a loan of a few hundred dollars without guarantee or interest, to be used in gaining a foothold to earn the means to be self-sustaining and to become a useful and enterprising citizen.

The money was to be paid back after the first year, in small quarterly payments; said fund to be maintained by subscriptions from the citizens of all lands.

Jacob Levy prevailed upon his cousin Rabbi David Levy to tender his resignation to his congregation in Potsdam, so that he should be in a better position to devote himself as a life president of the "Strugglers' Fund," in Jerusalem, to serve his brethren.

The other governing officers of the "Strugglers' Fund" were to be elected by popular vote, and to serve for the term of four years, with a possible second term as a public tribute of gratitude; no salaries were attached to the office; it was to be a labor of co-operation and brotherly love.

For eighteen hundred years the Jew has been persecuted and driven from pillar to post, by so-called Christians. As a consequence he has been driven from agriculture, the noblest work a man can pursue;

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and which represents the most reliable and most dependable reserve force; the real foundation on which the prosperity of a nation ultimately rests.

Jacob Levy went about and observed the need of the people—they required machinery for developing the agricultural resources and the building of homes. He saw how our poor co-religionists in Palestine are striving with might and main to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow.

Jacob Levy determined upon his return to address an open letter to the different lodges, and to all the Jews, urging that the efforts of our brethren in the Holy Land amidst great hardships and difficulties to raise themselves from the slough in which they have so long been sunk, do not deserve to be received by us, as they have been hitherto, with a thoughtless cold shrug of the shoulders. It is heartless and wrong for us to stand on the bank placidly watching the struggles of our kinsmen to attain the shore, and refusing to aid them. Our brethren have set themselves the arduous and glorious task to work out their emancipation from the pauperism forced upon them, and to obtain an honest independence, and be successful cultivators of the soil.

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It is our duty not to stand patronizingly aloof, but rather to offer our co-religionists our warmest interests and sympathy, to be shown not in fair, empty words, as expressed by the high salaried obstructionists, and non-practicing Jews, in the camps of the modern Zionists, or Itoists, who fritter away the public funds to make long, scientific investigations and voluminous useless reports; but, in practical encouragement and coöperation with the "Strugglers'" and "Home Building Fund," to be supported by contribution from every community; in exact fulfillment of the vision of the dry bones by the prophet Ezekiel.

Thus Israel is turning homeward in the land of Judea—"The City of God."

"They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Micah iv: 3.

For is it not written, "And thy righteousness shall go before thee?"

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was about the middle of April. Jacob Levy had spent the feast of the Passover with all its sacred past, in Jerusalem. What awe-inspiring memories enriched and thrilled his soul! And amid it all a deep yearning possessed him to be with Nedia.

At last the longed-for summons arrived in the form of a sweet, tender missive from his beloved one; it said:

"My book will be issued next month. It will make me very happy to hand you the first copy."

One bright morning in the month of May, after an absence of almost two years, Jacob Levy returned home. We shall not attempt to describe the joy of the lovers' meeting—they just flew into each other's arms. In deference to Nedia's wishes they were quietly married with only a few intimate friends to witness the ceremony; after the beautiful and touching orthodox service, the Rabbi gave them his blessing.

Radiantly happy, they sailed for France to spend a year's wedding trip in travel; they visited the capitals of Europe, but in

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the midst of their deep happiness they planned and worked for the oppressed; they saw the tired, hopeless faces of fellow-beings—of the weary strugglers, toward whom their hearts went forth in a wave of sympathy, of understanding; and they resolved that their work should be one of deep and far-reaching usefulness.

Jacob Levy published his appeal far and wide to awaken the conscience of the people and enlist their coöperation in the "Strugglers' Fund," which was to bring sunshine and cheer into the homes of the workers. They journeyed to the Holy Land. Rabbi David Levy and his pious wife received them with great rejoicings. The many who had benefited through his generosity were eager to show their heart-felt gratitude; so Jacob Levy and his beautiful young bride were much feted and sought after; and Nedra and Jacob felt thrilled with the eternal currents of deep joy in viewing the hope and happiness they had helped bring into the dark, cheerless lives of others.

As ye give out so it is wafted back to ye manifold. Happiness begets happiness!

Rev. Father O'Donnell and Evangelist Steerwell had read Jacob Levy's appeal for the "Strugglers' Fund" in some of the daily papers. He wrote to his inspired friends. He said in part:

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So far the so-called Christians and church members, through their religious wars, and sectarian differences, have endeavored to be a "common hindrance" to "God's chosen people" in their missionary work.

"Let him who is greatest among you be the servant of all the rest."

The Jews are the greatest force for the educational and spiritual uplift of mankind.

"Out of Zion shall go forth the Law."

In the prophecy of Isaiah the gathering of the nations is to an earthly Metropolis, to Jerusalem, to that mountain.

Comparatively few church members and religious workers realize the opportunity and responsibility resting on Christians of all denominations and creeds relative to the duty towards helping fulfill prophecy—and aiding the Jews regain Jerusalem and rebuild the temple!

"Many people shall go and say, and let us go up to the mountain of Jehovah, to the house of the God of Jacob."

"And all the nations shall flow unto it."

And thus hasten the coming of the Messiah.

Glorious hope!

The vision of the prophet Ezekiel is being fulfilled; where we are distinctly

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taught that the National revival is to come first, and then afterwards the spiritual quickening of the dry bones of the nation. Israel must return home, and hasten the coming of Christ.

"And the city shall be builded upon her own heap, and the palace shall remain after the manner thereof"—"it shall not be plucked up nor thrown down forever."

I enclose check. The amount was cheerfully subscribed by members of our new sect, the Christian Jews.

We believe in the grander civilization of far-reaching coöperation. We believe in the Man of Galilee.

The theological Christ was never the God of the common people.

In place of the rule of gold we practice the golden rule.

We are permeated with the Christ spirit of Universal Brotherly Love.

We have perceived the "inner light," and we glory in the Lord's goodness that He has opened our hearts with "Glad tidings of great joy," to have the great privilege to contribute our mite and help Israel rebuild Jerusalem—"The City of God." HALLELUJAH!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O by faith I see—
The land of rest, the saints delight;
The heaven prepared for me."

The new sect, the Christian Jews, were attracting world-wide attention; sanctified and meet for the Master's use, they were pressing the battle in the face of bitter opposition; fighting to abolish superstition, hatred and persecution.

These are the people who are doing the real, aggressive Christian work to-day; building our home and Church altars upon the holy foundation of Kindly Deeds, Prayer, and the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Thousands of Seven-day Adventists, and men and women from other creeds were daily joining the true, Christian Church of Happiness!

Brother Thomas Andrew Gould was an enthusiastic worker; he went about and gathered up the wandering sheep and brought them into the fold.

"It has been told thee, O man, what is

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good and what the Lord requires of thee: It is but to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Micah.

Minister Steerwell, as a result from his arduous and manifold labor among the poor, was taken suddenly ill; he was stricken with typhoid fever; his friends summoned a nurse to care for him. After several months of careful nursing under Miss Goodwin's special tender care he recovered his health. But, he fell in love with his devoted nurse who warmly reciprocated his feeling; he proposed marriage and was accepted.

The wedding ceremony took place at the beautiful home of Brother Steerwell's old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Andrew Gould. Rev. Father O'Donnell officiated.

And now another happy couple rejoice in the blessings of the Lord.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." The Time is Short!

Jacob Levy, influenced by his loving wife's noble character, grew to be a strong optimist—his efforts in behalf of the poor were magnificent and inspiring; he was fighting the evils of modern conditions with the good old religious precepts of the Torah—faith, kindly deeds and prayer.

He delivered addresses and urged an increasing spirit of brotherhood in all the relations of man to man. He organized committees in the different countries; he donated a sum of money to every State to establish a coöperative "Citizens' Fund," to render timely assistance to honest strugglers, so that men should no longer fight each other like beasts for an existence.

Faith in God is best evidenced by fellowship with men.

Jacob Levy, inspired by the central idea of Nedra's great book, worked on along the way of an ever-widening improvement in all that makes for the intellectual, social, material and spiritual welfare of

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mankind. His untiring efforts to promote works of public beneficence and beauty stirred the civic bodies to active enthusiastic coöperation.

In one of his letters to Father O'Donnell he said:

"Social sympathy is the solvent of many theological barriers.

"Treat all men with that justice and humanity even as thou wouldst they should treat thee."

"And be ye kind one to another."

Happiness is only obtained through loving service.

Nothing else we can do is more worth while than kindness. There is nothing that the world needs more and nothing that leaves more real and far-reaching good in human lives. Some day we shall all learn that the little deeds wrought unconsciously as we pass on our way are greater in their helpfulness and will shine more brightly at the last than deeds of renown which we think of as alone making a life great.

God makes mighty the mites cast into His treasury.

The truth is that the world is getting better all the time. It is true that there is apparently more wickedness in the world, but the fact is that wickedness cannot now

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be concealed so well as formerly, because there is not so much ignorance; the public free school and the press have helped to spread knowledge.

Fear of disgrace through publicity is the strongest deterrent operating upon those who would commit crime; the press is the safeguard of the community, it is our greatest moral force.

Every person has deep obligations to society. These can best be met by a life of human service—by putting the public weal ever ahead of private wealth. Speaking of Applied Truth, I recently received a letter containing ten penny stamps and these words: "A mite to the 'Strugglers' Fund.' Fasted a meal to give a meal."

Unselfishness in our daily life is the road that leads to God.

The world is growing better; we have many saints.

Somewhere—dear hands shall clasp our own once
more,

And hearts that touched our hearts long years
before,

Shall come to meet us in the morning land;

And there, at last, our souls shall understand

How, though He hid His meaning from our sight,

Yet God was always true and always right,

And how, though smiles were often changed for
tears,

Along this tangled pathway of the years,

Yet only so these lives of yours and mine

Have caught the likeness of the Life divine.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

"Go thou and do likewise."

In one of the suburbs on the outskirts of the metropolis, in a pretty villa surrounded by beautiful grounds, Nedra and Jacob Levy were living in happy contentment, tasting the sweets of wedded bliss.

They had now been married about three years; Jacob Levy was at first determined to lavish every luxury upon his beautiful young wife, and although Nedra had a keen artistic sense, and delighted to be surrounded with costly and beautiful things, and could have indulged in every luxury which wealth can procure, but, because of her sublime recognition of the claim of the weak upon the strong, she decided that life was to be simple, free from ostentation.

There was to be no luxury and lavish extravagance in their mode of living, while so much abject poverty was everywhere to be seen; most of their wealth and labor was to be devoted in aiding the oppressed—and bringing hope and cheer to the despairing.

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The wedded lovers planned and labored with the fear of God before their eyes. They knew that to be a blessing to the world the law of self-sacrifice must become its heart principle.

For life is a short onward march from the cradle to the grave; and after death the judgment.

Seek to be alone with God.

The day after their third wedding anniversary, Jacob Levy wrote to his cousin David, saying:

"Nedia is great of soul, magnanimous of character—she is an ideal woman, she is strong, and brave, and tender, and helpful, and loyal, and loving. We are now settled in a sweet domestic atmosphere.

Our home life is a "holy experiment"—strictly orthodox.

The Mezzuzah graces the door post of our house.

The Sabbath eve, with its quaint poetic Jewish customs and observance—the bread and wine are invested with a halo of Godliness that is refreshing and beautiful.

My wife (the sweetest, dearest name ever uttered by man), as she meekly stands the pure daughter in Israel, with fervent prayer and uplifted hands blessing the Shabbos lights, is a joy and a blessing to behold.

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Our home life is put first—it is filled with Jewish consciousness—with great religious ardor—with crystalized thoughts; our motto is:

“Seek to do good deeds, if even they seem of but little import, and avoid even the most trivial sin.”

“Trust ye in the Lord forever! for in the Lord JEHOVAH is everlasting strength.”

If we take time to think of God's blessings to us, we must have hearts full of gratitude to Him.

A soul's living is measured by its giving.

We live the simple life and work unselfishly for the good of others. “We cleave to God.”

We believe in the value of high ideals and their application to every day life.

Our home, the representative of heaven and earth, is the “House of God.”

The Patriarch Jacob lay down at night with a heap of stones for his pillow, yet on the morrow this heap of stones had been transformed into the “House of God.” Why? Merely because Jacob had dreamed a great dream, seen a great vision and called down the angels of God from heaven.

Only so can the home become the “House of God.” We must see visions

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and call down the angels of God to be with us by living our lives according to our highest ideal. And for this we need not be great or illustrious, for even in the humblest stations of life it is possible to live a noble and exalted life.

The Churches must learn to live and labor together in peace and unity—and diffuse good will among men, our common brotherhood.

In one of her monthly letters to her dear friend, Mrs. O'Donnell, Nedra said:

“I thought I knew my husband perfectly before I married him, but did not; I did not half know him. The past three years have been an unceasing revelation of beautiful and noble qualities in his character.

I knew he was good, but I did not know the thousandth part of the goodness I have discovered in the past few years.

You who know the blessings which flow from pure, trusting love can appreciate our great happiness. Praised be the Lord.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A year had elapsed since Mr. Rafael had perfected his invention for preventing collisions at sea; he had it patented in five different countries. He wrote to Nedra, and told her that he was negotiating with several governments for the rights to equip their vessels with his life-saving apparatus. And now Mr. Rafael was on the eve of realizing his long-cherished wishes, first, to help save humanity; and, second, to give his dearly beloved daughter vast wealth, so that she could be in a position of power to satisfy her generous heart and noble nature which he knew was always yearning to succor the poor, and bring hope and cheer into the lives of others.

In response to the few letters Nedra had received from her father during the time he was working on his invention, she did not refer to Jacob Levy nor to her forthcoming book (for she was planning to give him a grand surprise); she merely spoke of her studies and her artistic stage ambition.

Just before her marriage Nedra wrote to

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her father and asked him to be present at her wedding; but he did not come for the simple reason that having been absent on a business trip he received her letter several weeks after the lovers had sailed.

Mr. Rafael was much disappointed, in having missed giving the young couple his parental blessing; so to retaliate for Nedra's well kept secret of her impending marriage, he planned to give the lovers a surprise by quietly overtaking them on their way.

Mr. Rafael was a born traveler; he had been three times round the world, so he hailed a couple of months trip abroad with delight; he determined to combine business with pleasure, and would personally interest the different government representatives in reference to their using his life-saving invention on their ships.

After arriving at the French capital, Mr. Rafael found that his daughter and son-in-law had just left for Vienna, so after a week's delay he journeyed to Austria, only to find that they had gone to Berlin. After several business interviews with the different officials, he proceeded to the German capitol. Upon his arrival there he found that the lovers had again departed; this time they had gone to spend a couple of months in the Holy Land.

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Nedia and Jacob Levy had been several weeks in Jerusalem, when one morning a visitor called who would not give his name, but said he was a friend of Mrs. Levy's father, and desired to see her.

Nedia had a flash of intuition as to the identity of the incognito, and so she hurried down to the reception room to greet the visitor; of course, she just flew into her dear old father's arms as he fondly embraced her (so much had happened since their last parting), and they mingled kisses and tears and laughter. Ah, it was such a happy family reunion; he had traveled thousands of miles to give them his parental blessings. Mr. Rafuel spent several weeks with his happy daughter and son-in-law in sight-seeing, showing them all the places of interest; it was his third visit to Jerusalem, so he was quite familiar with the surroundings as he piloted them about and introduced them to some of his old friends.

Mr. Rafuel enthusiastically explained to his daughter and son-in-law the great good which his invention was bound to bring to mankind, and promised them both wealth and honor as the fruits of his years of hard work in behalf of his fellow-men.

While he was staying with his children,

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Mr. Rafael received an official letter asking him to consult with certain representatives, as the German government was interested in his life-saving invention.

Nedia knew although her father had proudly refused to discuss his financial status with her that his funds must be at a low ebb, as he had for years neglected his business affairs in order to center his efforts upon his invention, so she insisted upon investing a couple of thousand dollars, buying an interest in his preferred stock. After much persuasion her father laughingly consented to accept the offer upon the condition that her investment was to yield large dividends.

We shall not attempt to describe the many disheartening disappointments Mr. Rafael encountered in his interviews with the various grafters of the different governments who threatened to block his every efforts to success unless he signed away three-fourths the rights of his invention to them in return for their good-will and favorable recommendation to their respective government; it was the same old injustice which most inventors have been forced to endure—of seeing themselves robbed of years of tireless labor, the product of their brain, by a few political or capitalist swindlers who

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flagrantly rob the poor inventor, and who should instead be protected and rewarded by the people of his land.

In the midst of Mr. Rafael's irritating and depressing experiences, something very tragic happened to him; he was walking one bright summer afternoon in a crowded thoroughfare, when all of a sudden a dark wall seemed to loom up before him and shut out the light; he hailed a cab and returned to his hotel. Once there he had a specialist summoned and after a careful examination he was told that it was only a question of months, but that he would become permanently blind.

We shall not attempt to describe the pathetic and tragic effect of the physician's verdict upon Mr. Rafael. Despair gripped his soul—it seemed as if the very ground was cut from underneath him—it was far worse than death—for it was a living death.

Oh, how little we appreciate the priceless blessing of sight, which we possess; if we did it would make us more thoughtful, more patient and kinder toward the afflicted blind.

Mr. Rafael had become a martyr to science, for although he was very temperate in his mode of living, and never used

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tobacco nor partook of alcoholic drinks, his optic nerve and sight was shattered through years of nervous strain incident to unremitting scientific work upon his invention.

For months Mr. Rafael battled heroically against the fast-impending doom—he consulted every specialist of note, his funds were almost exhausted, he tried so hard to keep the dread news from his beloved daughter, but, at last he was compelled to ask his daughter to come to him, for he was growing daily more helpless.

Nedia's grief as she read of her father's sudden misfortune was very touching—she deeply felt the sad blow that had befallen him; her husband tried to comfort and cheer her in her deep sorrow—and so she dried her tears, and sailed for Europe to bring back to her home her poor stricken father.

A year had elapsed since Mr. Rafael had become totally blind; he was very sad, but Nedia's constant and tender care in her efforts to cheer and brighten his darkness partly reconciled him to his great loss; he became more patient, and in his prayers he daily thanked God for the priceless treasure in having a dutiful and loving child to sustain and cheer him in his dark hours.

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Nedia and Jacob had been married just five years when a beautiful little child came to gladden their home. They named their first-born Joseph (God increased). Mr. Rafael's face was very happy as he solemnly blessed his first grandchild, and there was great rejoicing in their God-loving home.

Although Nedia's book, a permanent concrete expression against the breeder of the social outcast, had created a deep impression, and sent forth upon the wings of faith and love, was carrying its message far and wide, with the exception of her intimate friends the good people somehow hesitated to show their approval and coöperation in her great work.

Nedia was disappointed and sad to think that her own people were so laggard in showing their appreciation, but she knew that despite their lack of enthusiasm and their indifference to her work, it still would forge ahead carrying its great message to all mankind.

So she tenderly devoted herself to her home duties, and to making her dear ones happy; for she realized that a successful life means loving service—and that the main thing to be desired is more heart—more heart in our work, in our play and in our intercourse with the world.

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God is love!

One bright morning the American people woke up to the fact that they had a most wonderful woman in their midst, who had written a wonderful book with a universal plea for clean, noble, uplifting manhood.

The noble-minded, generous-hearted Swedish people recognized the debt that all good men and women owed to Nedia for her book; they awarded her the Nobel prize; in doing so they especially honored American womanhood. And then the fraternal, justice-loving, chivalrous French people decorated Nedia with the Legion of Honor, in recognition of her services to humanity.

And having been so signally honored by other nations, the people of her own country began to show their sense of appreciation of this great good daughter of America.

All the while Nedia and Jacob, happy in their deep love for each other, which grand love embraced all mankind, praised the Lord from whom all blessings flow.

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loved them all.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

AN APPEAL TO PRESIDENT LOUBET.

In the year 1902 when President Loubet was about to start his journey to pay the first official visit of a President of France to the Czar of Russia, Nadage Dorée conceived a great idea, worthy in its daring of the great cause in whose behalf it was born. Remembering that "nothing risked, nothing gained," she sent four copies of her books, two of "Gelta" and two of "Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess," and asked him as a worthy representative of the generous, noble-minded Liberty loving French people, to serve humanity's cause by personally presenting a copy of each of her works, a powerful appeal for the persecuted Jews, to the Czar, and that

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it was his duty to take this opportunity to help the oppressed. And should he consent to do so, that long after History shall have forgotten Loubet, the President, humanity will revere and bless Loubet the true Christian for having performed his duty.

President Loubet returned the two copies addressed for the Czar by an Aid-De-Camp, with a letter, explaining that while he appreciated the high motives of Miss Nadage Dorée, as President of France his official position prevented him from complying with her request, and stating that it was the generous, warm hearted, initiative American people who must lead in fearlessly voicing the protest and giving that rapidity of action to succor the oppressed.

(From Mss. of Nadage Dorée's autobiography.)

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

M. de BLOWITZ.

Paris, May 6, 1902.

Cher Monsieur Zola.

I pass over to your kindest services Miss Nadage Dorée. She is a rare woman, a brilliant artist, a writer of unusual ability and of self-evident purity and sincerity. She has a fad, but one of the highest and holiest character; she is devoting her life to befriend her race, to which she is an honor. Her services in behalf of the persecuted Jews entitle her to our aid.

Your friend,

M. de Blowitz.

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Paris, May 25, 1902.

To Nadage Dorée.

Dear Miss Dorée.

After reading your works "Gelta" and "Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess," I am convinced that you are even greater than our Jeanne d' Arc, for while the French maid of Orleans loved her Patria and died for France; you, the American maid of Orleans, in your deep desire to help the oppressed of all lands, have caught up the heart of humanity, in the divine love of the world. May the common wisdom of mankind reward you for your herculean efforts.

Upon my return from the country I will do my utmost to assist the great cause.

With profound homage,

Emil Zola.*

*Emil Zola died September 29, 1902, the eve of his return.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

A REBUKE TO SECRETARY JOHN HAY.

In the year 1902, at the time Secretary Hay's only son was accidentally killed, Nadage Dorée sent a copy of her book **"Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess,"** and wrote to Secretary Hay from Paris, in her letter to him, she said in part, "Your son's sudden death is a blessing in disguise—it is to teach you that no matter how exalted, or how high you are up in earthly affairs, that unless you do your duty in behalf of the oppressed, sorrow will reach you.

What a hollow mockery to boast as Christians when Christian Governments view with complacency the massacre of innocent men, women and little children

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whose blood is shed for no other reason than that they are Jews.

As an American born—I want to call your personal attention to the hideous fact that the so-called Christian Roumanian and Russian Governments are violating the rights of humanity, by their infamous policy of persecuting the Jews.

And that their Ambassadors, by their presence here on American soil, are DESECRATING “THE LAND OF THE FREE,” and are not entitled to official recognition by the American Government, nor by our people whose holy standard is “Liberty for the oppressed.”

America should speak fearlessly, openly, and officially, so that her words will have

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influence to strike the death blow to tyranny.

You who have sat at the feet of the immortal Abraham Lincoln must not forget the Christ lesson he taught you—to succor the hapless, helpless, oppressed.

As an earnest Christian; as a noble representative of the American people—you cannot evade your responsibility! You cannot hesitate any longer to publicly, vigorously and determinedly demand immediate full civic rights for the Roumanian and Russian Jews.

The American Government cannot be a tacit party to an international wrong. It must protest against the fiendish treatment to which the Jews are subjected, not alone because it has unimpeachable

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ground to remonstrate against the resultant injury to itself and the whole of Christendom, but in the name of Humanity.

A prompt and favorable reply will greatly oblige.

Yours most sincerely,

Nadage Dorée.

*Several weeks later Miss Dorée received Secretary Hay's letter herein enclosed—and delivered his ultimatum to the Roumanian Government in reference to the better treatment of the Jews.

That act of Secretary Hay will live as a noble record of his true Christian character, and will be a lasting blessing beyond: in his spiritual life.

*(From Mss. of Nadage Dorée's autobiography.)

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John Hay.

Department of State,

Washington, October 4, 1902.

"Dear Madam:—I have received your letter and the copy of your book, '**Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess,**' which you were so good as to send me. I will give your request due consideration, and am with many thanks,

"Yours very truly,

"John Hay."

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

BERNARD LAZARE,*

the Eminent French author, wrote, "What are the many Literary Societies and other organizations doing that they have not yet seen fit to honor themselves—by honoring Nadage Dorée for her great work in behalf of the oppressed; the intellectual "narrowness" and stupidity—which is still the average mark of our culture and literary societies, the lack of insight is plainly shown in ignoring that great work "Gelta": a book with a Heaven-sent message; history repeats itself: Ministers and Clergymen will publicly deliver long orations and pæans of praise at their graveyard banquets of departed authors, yet they hesitate, and grudge to offer the living author a word of encouragement—a tiny blossom of praise.

(Letter to M. de Blowitz, Paris, 1903.)

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

THE JEWISH CHRONICLE.

London.

“Nadage Dorée is sacrificing a brilliant stage career, and every monetary consideration, trying to do her very ‘best’ in what seems most needful to be done—to awaken Christendom to its duty in behalf of the Persecuted Jews in Russia. ‘Gelta’ and ‘Jesus’ Christianity by a Jewess,’ is an appeal to quicken the conscience of those posing as Christians by showing that if the religion of Jesus were really lived out by the nations who profess to be followers of the Christ—there would no longer be the possibility of making the Jew the victim of injustice and the object of racial or religious dissensions culminating in deeds of atrocious inhumanity by those so-called Christians who are not acting with the Christly spirit.”

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

THE JEWISH HEROINE.

Daily News, Sept. 11, 1905.

A Protest in the Russian Church.

On Sunday morning, during the celebration of the Peace service with Japan; about one thousand worshipers were on their knees; Nadage Dorée, the inspired authoress, walked the full length of the aisle and deposited at the foot of the sacred image on the altar and beside the astounded priest, copies of her book—"Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess"—an appeal for her persecuted race in Russia. The books were inscribed in large handwriting, **"To the Czar."**

The congregation was amazed. There was a buzz of excited whispers. As she

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took her seat Miss Dorée was questioned by an usher.

"They are good books that I placed there. They will teach the priest, and your master, the Czar, Jesus' true Christianity."

The Russian Consul-General said a few words to Miss Dorée, reproving her and asking if she did not know it was a special peace service.

"Peace!" she exclaimed, with spirit.

"This is a sham peace service desecrating American soil! There is no peace in Russia while the Jews—innocent men, women, and little children—are being slaughtered by order of the Czar."

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New York Journal, Sept. 11, 1905.

Nadage Dorée, Champion of the Jews, the beautiful young authoress, carried the fight for her downtrodden brothers in Russia into the Russian Church—and placed Humanity's protest against the iniquity of persecution on the Russian Altar.

While the worshippers were attending a solemn high mass in celebration of peace between Russia and Japan, Nadage Dorée walked the full length of the aisle and deposited at the foot of the sacred image of Jesus on the Altar and beside the astounded priest copies of one of her works—an appeal for her persecuted race in Russia; (The books were **inscribed**, in

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large handwriting, "To the Czar.") then she returned to her seat in the rear of the church. Attention of the worshippers was distracted by the unprecedented incident, and as the stylishly gowned young woman passed down the aisle all eyes in the congregation were turned upon her and there was a buzz of excited whispers. She bore the scrutiny without the slightest embarrassment.

As she took her seat an usher questioned her as to her action. "They are good books I placed there," she said, "they will teach your master the Czar and all sham Christians Jesus' true Christianity."

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The Russian Consul-General said a few words to the young woman reproving her and asking if she did not know it was a peace service.

"Peace?" she exclaimed, with spirit, "There is no peace in Russia while Jews are being slaughtered daily by so-called Christians and the people are being oppressed."

As the worshippers filed out she distributed among them copies of her writings, "**Gelta**," and **Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess**.

Nadage Dorée's works have been praised by the late **John Hay**, the **Marquis of Salisbury** and other notables.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

THE TIMES.

**“NADAGE DORÉE HAS
ACHIEVED UNDYING FAME—IN
PLACING ‘JESUS’ CHRISTIANITY
BY A JEWESS,’ THE PROTEST
OF HUMANITY AGAINST THE
PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS—ON
THE ALTAR DURING THE PEACE
SERVICE WITH JAPAN IN THE
RUSSIAN CHURCH.**

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The Rev. Dr. Pereira Mendes.

“Dear Miss Dorée.

“I read your book **‘Gelta’** with much interest. I am not given to flattery. But I will say that every line leads to a beautiful climax which under your pen shows the **nobility** and **self-sacrifice** of the **Jewish** character.

“It is to me not so much **‘Gelta’** as the **personification** of our nation which you really portray.

“**We** owe you much for your work. It will help to **remove Christian prejudice**; it will help to **make those who worship a dead Jew honour every living one**. And it will help us to **honour our own destiny**—that is most important. Every home should contain **‘Gelta.’**”

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

Dr. Max Nordau.

"Dear Miss Dorée.

"I have read your works, 'Gelta' and 'Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess,' first with curiosity, afterwards with interest, lastly, with great admiration. Your form is living, it is brilliant, you are a powerful literary temperament, you say with **exceptional force** what you have to say.

"Believe me, dear Miss Dorée, with deep respect and high appreciation,

"Yours very sincerely,

"Dr. Max Nordau."

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

March 2, 1907.

Dear Nadage Dorée.

I have just finished reading your **God-inspiring** work.

Like **DAVID** slaying the oppressor **GOLIATH**, your book, "**Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess**," will in the cause of humanity—slay the **BRUTE** prejudice of the benighted Christian persecutor.

Yours gratefully,

E. A. Christian Holt,
Ex-Senator and Lieut. Gov. of the State
of Kentucky.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

Dr. Alcineous Jamison.

"Dear Miss Dorée.

"I read your magnificent '**Gelta.**' You have **given** the world a **Christ** lesson. In the '**Peace on Earth,**' the Jew and the Gentile **meet**—that is you and I, dear '**Gelta,**' we **clasp hands** in one **common** bond of **brotherly love**; the **sublime** doctrines you **promulgate** are **distributed** to the four corners of the earth, and in the **distribution** your **work** is made **manifest** by the **uplifting** of the human race.

"Yours with deep admiration,

"Alcineous Jamison, M.D."

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

**The
Distinguished American Author
of
“Democracy and Direct
Legislation”**

ARETAS W. THOMAS.

I am deeply impressed with the sincerity and brilliancy of your writings as shown in your books, entitled ‘Gelta’ and ‘Jesus’ Christianity by a Jewess.’ In the former the character of ‘Gelta’ is a living embodiment of heroism and grace. And in the latter you eloquently call upon the Christian world to awaken to the meaning of the teachings and life of Christ. Your books and your work is a national force and an authentic blessing, and deserves wide appreciation and the greatest success.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

HERBERT D. BURNHAM, M. D.

October 18, 1907, New York.

Dear Doctor Smith.

This will introduce Miss Nadage Dorée, who is the daughter of a brother mason and authoress of a powerful work entitled "Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess," a book which is of great interest to us all because it deals with a crying evil in which all Christendom should co-operate to correct; viz., murders perpetrated upon defenceless human beings in the name of Christianity.

Miss Dorée has sacrificed her all in behalf of the oppressed; the books are printed at the Authoress's expense, the sale price yielding no monetary profit. Trusting you may be able with our brethren to extend practical help which will be greatly appreciated,

Yours truly,

Herbert D. Burnham, M. D.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ.

Philadelphia, Feb. 25, 1908.

My Dear Miss Dorée.

I have read your work entitled "Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess," and I have felt the thrill of your righteous indignation against the crimes committed in name of the dominant religion against our people. You have put your whole soul into your words and they come with a rush and impetuosity which at times seems to overwhelm you.

I hope that the great purpose you have advocated will be manifestly furthered by your efforts and the consciences of men be roused to the undoing of the great evils which you expose.

Sincerely yours,
Henry Berkowitz.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

THE AMERICAN ISRAELITE.

Miss Nadage Dorée has just published a new book entitled **"Jesus' Christianity by a Jewess."** It is a powerful arraignment of Christianity because of its hostile attitude towards the Jews. Nadage Dorée's book is most forcible in language, and she speaks with the fire and enthusiasm of a prophetess. She calls a spade a spade, and does not mince matters. She points out that while Christianity has been preaching the doctrine of love, it has more often practiced hate.

The aim of the book is to eradicate prejudice and persecution from the heart of the world.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING ?

It is rare that a woman has the courage and the boldness to speak out her meaning and her message as fearlessly as Nadage Dorée.

The non-Jew who is not steeped in bigotry and fanaticism, who reads this book must arise from his perusal determined to remove from his soul and from the soul of others, all prejudice and hatred harbored against his fellow-man. This inspiring book ought to be in every Jewish and Christian household.



IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

COMMODORE PHILIP.

U. S. S. Texas, First Rate,
off Tompkinsville, S. I., N. Y.

Your valuable contribution of "Gelta" to the Texas library has been received. I have to thank you above all for the spirit which prompted the gift.

Admiral George Dewey

has written Miss Nadage Dorée, expressing his great admiration for the lofty character of the heroine of her book, and thanking her for the honour she did him in permitting him to read "Gelta."

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

REV. A. LINCOLN MOORE

says: "‘**GELTA**’ and ‘**Jesus**’ Christianity by a **Jewess**,’ is an embodied prayer for the growth of a greater spirit of kindness and practical sympathy for suffering mankind—a fervent plea for universal Brotherly love."

THE REFORM ADVOCATE.

"Your books ‘**Gelta**,’ ‘**Jesus**’ Christianity by a **Jewess**,’ and ‘**Is Your Soul Progressing?**’ teach a wonderful lesson—and will be instrumental in the development of one clean code of morals—the same code for both men and women and thereby have the whole human race become ideally virtuous."



IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

Floyd Wilson,

the metaphysical writer, says: “**‘Gelta’** is a story worthy the psychic age. It has taken evolution so many thousand years for mentality to create. **Your heroine is a masterly type of the grandest mentality that marks the closing years of this century.**”

“**Ost und West,**” Berlin.

“Miss Nadage Dorée, a young American woman of great and varied gifts, of the highest culture, whose works **‘Gelta’** and **‘Jesus’ Christianity** by a **‘Jewess,’** are meeting with well-deserved recognition, is an **inspired and inspiring Jewess,** making **a heroic protest** with the true fervour of a **prophetess,** whose books are destined to prove a **blessing** to humanity.”

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

Literary Life.

"'Gelta' is a classic and will speak to the millions yet unborn. It is a most remarkable, thrilling, and ennobling picture of a beautiful life, and altogether the most uplifting of modern books."

THE SUN.

"Gelta" is a great novel—the power of it cannot be described.

The story is full of action, full of contrasts: Passion is deep in this book, and so is sacrifice, and above all life worth living right.

xxx



IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

THE RECORD.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

"is a wonderful work—in it you have given birth to two great ideas—of lasting value. You have created new moral standards, and made it clear, that the "Sinful Bachelor" must be banished. And how every workingman can secure and own his own home.

Your indictment of the "Sinful Bachelor" and the abolishment of the "White Slave traffic" is a God-inspired message; you cannot get away from the morality of it.

Your great heart overflowing with love for humanity, paves the way for a new Era of Light, Truth, and Happiness.

You have rendered a triumphant world service."

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

EVENING POST.

"Nadage Dorée, the well-known authoress, who for the past eight years alone and unaided, backed by the spirit of the Martyrs—has made every effort to protest and sacrificed every dollar in her possession to help **Right the Wrong**, and for the sake of humanity, to arouse the conscience of mankind, irrespective of creed or condition. In her works '**Gelta**' and '**Jesus**' Christianity by a Jewess,' she has depicted with heroic pen the wrongs of her people—the outrageous persecution of the Jews.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

The books are printed at the author's expense, the sale price yielding no monetary profit. **Miss Dorée** is unselfishly serving the cause of human Liberty, and it is the sacred duty of all who love goodness—Jews and Christians—to lend every possible assistance to circulate her inspiring work, which is destined to achieve infinite good in its human plea for universal Brotherly Love.

IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?

THE STAR.

"IN HER BOOK, 'IS YOUR SOUL PROGRESSING?' NADAGE DORÉE THE GREAT HUMANITARIAN HAS SETTLED THE QUESTION OF ABOLISHING POVERTY AND CRIME IN THIS COUNTRY OF RICH AND POOR IN A SATISFACTORY MANNER TO MAN AND GOD."

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